

MAGAZINE OF ART



THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF ARTS • WASHINGTON

MAY, 1945

ENCOUNTER BETWEEN *the* CONSTITUTION *and the* JAVA, DECEMBER 29th, 1812

BY NICHOLAS POCOCK, C. 1812

Canvas size of each 24 x 32 in fine gold leaf frames of the period



The Java as she appeared at 35 minutes past 4 P.M. after having received several raking broadsides from the Constitution.



The Java in a sinking state, set fire to and blowing up. The Constitution at a distance ahead, laying to, unbending sails, repairing her rigging.

These paintings were included in the exhibition "American Battle Art" at the National Gallery of Art during 1944

HARRY SHAW NEWMAN GALLERY
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MAGAZINE OF ART

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Articles in the MAGAZINE OF ART represent many points of view. We do not expect concurrence from every quarter, not even among our contributors; we believe that writers are entitled to express opinions which differ widely. Although we do not assume responsibility for opinions expressed in any signed articles appearing in the MAGAZINE OF ART, we hold that to offer a forum in our pages is the best way to stimulate intelligent discussion and to increase active enjoyment of the arts.—EDITOR.

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FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT

FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT was more deeply interested in the arts than any other President since Thomas Jefferson. It is doubtful that any head of a state since the Renaissance has equalled him as a patron of living art. No one has surpassed him in breadth and generosity of vision, concern for the freedom of the artist, and the desire to bring the influence of the fine arts into every community and every home.

President Roosevelt's attitude toward the arts was not simply one of the minor graces of a great career. It was an integral part of his being and character, and found expression in everything he did. There was in his approach to day-by-day problems a creative spontaneity which confronted new situations with methods as contemporary as the challenge. And there was too a feeling for tradition. He knew that the present is not made out of the past alone, but he knew also that men are held by the past they carry with them and cling to it for reassurance in unfamiliar surroundings. His strategy always had the traditional foundation that reassured the majority of the people, and an inventiveness that never betrayed him into fighting today's battles with the ideas and weapons of yesterday. This is the way of the artist who respects tradition but knows that it must be created anew in every generation. The sign of the great leader and the great artist is a transforming power that can turn opposing forces to its own purpose and find advantage in the uncarved block of resisting material. President Roosevelt had the power to meet desperate and seemingly hopeless situations and turn their danger into opportunity, their threatening evil into good. He used this power to overcome personal disaster, and twice he used it greatly to save the nation. When Fascism was preparing to decide the future of the world, and an unprepared America seemed about to stand aside, his leadership welded the unity and power of the anti-Fascist coalition, prepared America for the inevitable conflict, and out of the wreckage and misery of war created anew the ideal and the possibility of world security and world freedom.

It is one of the blessings of forgetfulness that men do not long carry with them lively images of bygone misfortune. Most of us have forgotten the dismal 'thirties and the economic analysis that forced twenty million Americans on the relief rolls. There was a time in the 'thirties when it looked as if our economy must be driven through a downward spiral of shattered morale to lower levels of skill and lowered standards of living. In this situation of crisis, which had wrecked the governments of other nations and opened the road for Fascism, President Roosevelt not only kept our economy on an even keel but found an opportunity to achieve great economic, social, and cultural gains for the American people. In a time when it looked as if our civilization had decided that it could not afford itself he established the greatest art program in the nation's history. This was done through the agencies established to deal with the depression. The art projects grew out of the idea that it was essential to maintain the skills of the unemployed. Instead of putting everybody to work

digging ditches or raking leaves, construction projects were organized for construction workers, architects and engineers, educational projects for teachers, and art projects for artists. There were, of course, many other types of projects. This program to salvage and enhance a nation's skills was at first greeted with the derisive epithet of "boondoggling," and this at a time when the Fascist governments were maintaining the morale and the skills of their workers through the "made work" of a boom time war economy all too obviously aimed at the democratic nations.

Many opinions have been expressed concerning the value of the government's employment program, and more particularly its art projects. This is not the time to attempt a final evaluation of the WPA Federal Art Project or the Section of Fine Arts, but without venturing too far into controversial territory a number of statements may be made. It is the opinion of many informed critics that these projects raised the art of mural painting in this country to higher levels, gave artists opportunities to acquire new techniques and a wider discipline of craftsmanship through working together in shops and mural studios, created certain invaluable records such as the Index of American Design, and brought art into hundreds of communities that had never known it before. These projects represented the greatest program ever undertaken to bring the influence of the fine arts into the daily life of the average man. They were absolutely free of censorship. This character of the projects sprang directly from the President's sponsorship. No other head of a state has seen so clearly the place of the arts in a democratic society or affirmed so unequivocally the freedom of the artist. During the eight years of the Section of Fine Arts and the WPA projects not one word or hint of censorship ever came from the White House. President Roosevelt was convinced, as he himself said, that "the arts cannot thrive except where men are free to be themselves and to be in charge of the discipline of their own energies and ardors. . . . What we call liberty in politics results in freedom in the arts." He wanted to make it possible for American artists to direct their talents and energies toward the whole people because he believed that "in encouraging the creation and enjoyment of beautiful things we are furthering democracy itself." President Roosevelt saw art as a great medium of the continuity and attraction of culture, a spiritual force of gravitation drawing men and nations together.

The life of a great man, like a great work of art, does not yield itself at first observation, nor is it diminished by habit or familiarity. It grows in the perspective of time. As the great peak recedes it rises higher and higher, as in the perspective of Chinese landscape painting, until it is part of the infinity of earth and sky, imparting to the whole composition its own greatness and nobility. The untimely death of Franklin Delano Roosevelt is an accident of our mortality. His life is now the possession of all men. In the great perspective of the ages it is a massive peak to which men may turn and say: I too am part of this.

—HOLGER CAHILL.



Aristide Maillol at his farm in Southern France, March, 1941. Unless otherwise indicated, photographs are by the author.

LAST VISIT WITH MAILLOL

JOHN REWALD

WAS after the defeat, in March, 1941, two weeks before my departure for the United States, that my wife and I went for the last time to Banyuls, to say goodbye to Aristide Maillol. He received us in the house in which he had been born eighty years before, that rose-colored house on the hill whence one may glimpse the Mediterranean and the Pyrenees, not far from the Spanish frontier. "I shall be very glad to see you," he had written, "and to show you a new statue I am working on at the house." Living in absolute seclusion, seeing no one in this quiet corner of his completely downfallen country, he had thrown himself into his work and seemed satisfied now to partake of the deep pleasure it gave. He led us almost immediately to the small, narrow studio that had been fixed up under a airway in his garden, in order to show us his new work. When we entered and remained speechless before a large plaster figure without arms, there was in Maillol's eyes a spark of nearly triumphant joy, and he said to us in a tone partly ironic, partly serious:

"You see, I am not senile yet!"

"Oh, you never will be," I told him right away, but Maillol, standing in front of his statue, sighed.

"What work it is! It has already come to pieces four times, and I am having unheard of difficulties in finishing the right leg, the bust, and the shoulders, but above all the leg."

He then made the plinth of the statue revolve before us, so that we might observe it from all angles. As it moved around us, it seemed to take on life: slim and frail, this figure of a young girl appeared even more attenuated by the absence of arms; two long, delicate legs supported a flexible torso with bosom slightly developed, and the head with lowered eyelids inclined a little towards the shoulder. Later, when the artist could have added arms, the right hand would be moulded around the breast and through the bars of the fingers the virginal nipple would appear. In the hollow of the palm, this nude young girl would thus hold a fruit full of delight and voluptuousness.

"It is supposed to be something like a symbol of the Rose," the sculptor told us, "and the breast that she holds in one hand will be a kind of flower."

Having explained to us with the aid of some preliminary sketches how he intended to finish this piece of work, Maillol added, almost coaxingly:

"If it isn't altogether a success, it will be called *The Rose of Summer*, but if it turns out as I should want it, then I shall name it *The Rose*."

"I should like," the artist told us, "this statue to be more realistic, more alive than the things I have done so far. That is why I am working this time with a model and not merely from drawings, as I have always done before. Nevertheless, I ought even to make thousands, from every possible angle, particularly from this statue, so that it may become what I want it to be."

"At one time I used to work much more easily," he went on. "Take, for example, the *Action in Chains* for the monument to Blanqui, that enormous torso—well, I did that in ten days. In a fortnight all the essential part was finished, and the statue was entirely ready in three months. But today, it is different; I often have to begin over again ten times, have to change, take away, add. . . ."

"Do you remember," he continued, "the statuette in wood belonging to Prince Bibesco? It was one of my first statuettes.



Maillol: FLORA, bronze, about 1911. Stephen C. Clark Collection, New York. Photo John D. Schiff.



Maillol: *Torso for ACTION IN CHAINS*, bronze, about 1906. Lent by Lt. Wright Ludington, Santa Barbara, California, to the Albright Art Gallery, Buffalo, N. Y., for its recent Maillol exhibition.

The model, Dina, Mrs. Rewald, and the artist at Maillol's farm.



I carved it directly in the wood and when I began upon the head I didn't yet know how I should get to the feet and how I should fashion it. But, you see, I then had a feeling for the whole, and, once started, it came along quite naturally—shoulders, breasts, hips, and the rest.

"Take the *Flora*, for example. Well, I made it without either a model or a drawing. For the *Action in Chains* I had my wife, but the *Flora* is much taller and slimmer than she, it's quite another kind of body, and yet I did it as if it were nothing at all. For the head, I set myself up there at my window and watched girls in the street. I had a bit of clay in front of me when I saw a girl that pleased me, I quickly kneaded the clay while she was passing, then I came down to the studio and fastened the mask to a lump of earth before placing it on the statue. That did admirably, and I had only to add hair and curls—there was my head! Whereas now I am having all the trouble in the world to find one for this statue. I had made a head—over there on the cask—which pleased me greatly, but when I wanted to place it on the statue, it was hideous, quite hideous. Besides it still doesn't satisfy me in its present state. I should like to change it and keep only the expression I have given it."

While talking thus, Maillol sat down in a low chair before the sculpture. He picked up a little trowel, took some wet plaster from a bowl and began to work at the right leg. "Ah, this is frightfully difficult. I wonder how I shall finish this statue, particularly this leg that doesn't want to come along."

He shook his head, and we heard the creaking of the little garden gate. "That's Dina, my model," he said. "She comes every day at two o'clock and poses for me until five, when nightfall begins."

At these words, there appeared in the doorway a girl who was dark, rather short, with bare arms and legs, a crown of braids wound around her head, and a face broad and full of gaiety. Delighted to discover a break in the monotony of the days, weeks, and hours which she had already given up to posing for the statue, she soon showed us all the drawings lying about on the couch, commenting on them, pointing out under precisely what conditions each of them had been done. She was proud to find herself again in these sketches, because before being works of art, these drawings were for her reflections of her beauty. Then, with a few unembarrassed movements, she removed her little blouse and light skirt, to appear in a moment in dazzling nakedness. Her body, which was still tanned by the last of the past summer's sun, was full and round, overflowing with health; in her somewhat reserved eyes in her gestures, in her whole being there was a certain casualness, but also something of a young animal's wildness. Her broad shoulders, her round, firm breasts, her smooth belly, her slightly flat back, the swelling of her thighs, her strong legs, all her somewhat thick and muscular forms seemed to furnish but little analogy to the slender body of the statue. Standing beside the large motionless plaster, assuming the same pose, inclining the head and lowering the glance, raising one hand gracefully to shoulder height and cupping the other around her breast, Dina bore further witness to the differences between herself and the work of Maillol.

We stood amazed before these two nude young women, set opposite each other, and we weighed the whole extent of the transposition effected by the artist. We then understood how far the model was merely a pretext for the sculptor and with what stubbornness he was pursuing a preconceived idea, one might have been tempted to say in spite of the harmonious forms which this beautiful creature offered. Far from turning aside from what his will imposed upon him in order to follow what was presented to his eyes, he appeared, on the contrary,

resist the beautiful snare nature had spread—even as he
 ove to create a realistic work. Actually, Maillol was merely
 inking at this living spring the information that was to
 able him to execute his project. After that, even the innu-
 erable drawings that he had made of Dina took on a new
 eaning for us, and we grasped the reason why in some of
 em he had so deliberately lengthened the proportions. Fur-
 ermore, mixed in with the recent sketches made especially
 r this statue, we saw others, some of much earlier date, show-
 g poses similar to that whose ultimate expression he was
 ow seeking, and serving him for this new work as well.

Maillol seemed to guess the direction of our thoughts and,
 hile we were preparing to go, to leave him to his work, he
 id to us by way of conclusion:

“The more one departs from nature, the more one is an
 artist; the more one approaches nature, the more the work
 comes ugly. That is the problem: should one copy nature
 and create things that resemble her, as if they were molds, or
 should one definitely turn aside from nature, as the Negroes
 do in their sculptures?”

The next morning Aristide Maillol came to fetch us at the
 hotel, with a bag of provisions slung from his shoulder. We
 soon left behind the last houses of Banyuls; beyond a bend of
 the road there was Dina awaiting us. She carried some pro-
 visions wrapped in paper, and the four of us continued our
 walk through the spring morning. The road curled its way
 between hills, with only a little shade from young trees in first
 bud. On all sides recently cultivated vineyards seemed to climb
 down the slopes to our feet. The clean, straight lines, indicated
 by rows of neatly fashioned stakes, transformed this rolling
 landscape into an immense chessboard of irregular fields,
 brightened here and there by peach and almond trees whose
 petals tinted the ground.

The artist was in marvelous mood. Walking between the
 two young women, he took pleasure in pointing out to them
 the beauties of the countryside, talking to them about vineyard
 culture, the conditions of the soil, the influence of the seasons
 and the farmers' strenuous labor. As always, he wore an old
 suit of chestnut-colored corduroy, well-worn espadrilles, and
 his eternal Basque beret. His lively eyes smiled, and his whole
 countenance lighted up with joy whenever the exclamations of
 Estelle or Dina flattered his filial love for this land so well-kept
 and at the same time so untamed. From time to time he allowed
 his companions to walk slightly ahead, and then he observed
 their gait and their gestures. When we crossed a small, clear,
 and rapid stream by jumping from rock to rock, he paused for
 quite a while on the bank, in order to watch their slightest
 movements. As the young women gracefully kept their balance
 on the wet stones, he seemed to take note of all the postures
 of their bodies, the bending of hips, the positions of legs and
 feet. Then, with a few agile bounds, Maillol rejoined them.

As we followed this brook we soon saw a white building
 rising on our right, constructed upon the gentle incline that
 sloped down to the water, and almost entirely hidden by trees.
 A few paces farther, and we found ourselves in front of Mail-
 lol's farm, a simple country house with closed shutters. Four
 steps separated from the road a garden in which rose-bushes,
 plants, cactus, fig trees, and wild flowers intermingled freely
 before a small terrace.

When he had opened all the shutters, the artist turned the
 kitchen over to Dina and Estelle, who immediately set to work
 with dishes and saucepans. He went with pitcher and pail to
 fetch water from the brook in front of the house, then, equipped
 with a hatchet, he applied himself to cutting up some dead
 wood for the kitchen fire.

(Continued on page 205)



The model, Dina, posing for THE ROSE, March 1941. (Below) THE ROSE in Maillol's small studio in his house at Banyuls.





Peter Paul Rubens: HELENA FOURMENT. Dulwich Gallery, London.



Raphael: ALBA MADONNA. National Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C. (Below:) detail.



CONCERNING EDGES

By ISABEL BISHOP

DURING these years of painting, a notion has gradually taken shape for me concerning two essential painting forms. My thought is that these two forms, though they may vary endlessly, must nevertheless remain distinct—that they cannot successfully be mixed together. I think I can demonstrate that this is true of the paintings of any century (I have arbitrarily chosen examples from the 15th to the 20th) and that the instances of unsuccessful mixing (as in the Bouguereau) are usually identified with what we call “salon” or “academic” painting.

Look first at the small Rubens painting above. The subject is Helena Fourment, the artist's second wife. Helena, perhaps too fat for modern taste, sits on a rock in the midst of a landscape, bending a little forward, turning her head around toward us.

Fix your eyes on the sky behind her head and shoulder. Then say to her—“Leave!” Imagine that she starts as though to move away. Do you see that when she moves, the distant airy sky is pulled with her—that the rocks and trees are yanked along?

Besides the Rubens is a Raphael Madonna, who sits tranquilly in the meadow, with the Christ Child and the little Saint John at her knees. Fields stretch out behind her.

Imagine, now that you take hold of the figures and lift them bodily out of the scene. (If you try to make them turn or bend,

you will find that they cannot do it.) While, in your fantasy you are slowly drawing them away, watch their environment. Does anything happen to the sky, the landscape? No! When the figures are lifted out, their world remains as it was.

On the next page is a painting by Van Ostade. Here, some card players are having a rowdy game in a cellar. The players and part of the cellar wall, as you see, are in the light. One has fallen off his stool, his arm still flung in the air.

In your fantasy, make the figures disappear. “Out with you! Scatter!” The cellar seemed real enough before, but now that the players have gone, the lighted wall floats vaguely and the cellar seems to be dissolving.

In the Signorelli painting at the bottom of the page a darkish room contains several people. The room is bare of furniture except for a bed, in foreshortened view, in which are seen Saint Anne and the Infant Virgin. Near the bed are attendants, etc. There is a doorway, in profile, with a figure entering. Imagine, with your eyes on the picture, that we hand over the Infant to the care of the attendants, and push the bed out of the room; then that the remaining witnesses of the Birth leave. The room is now empty, but is it not intact? It is as convincing a room as before. (That it has no interest by itself is beside the point.)

Here, then, are the two essential painting forms that seem to me to remain distinct, impossible to mix. In one form



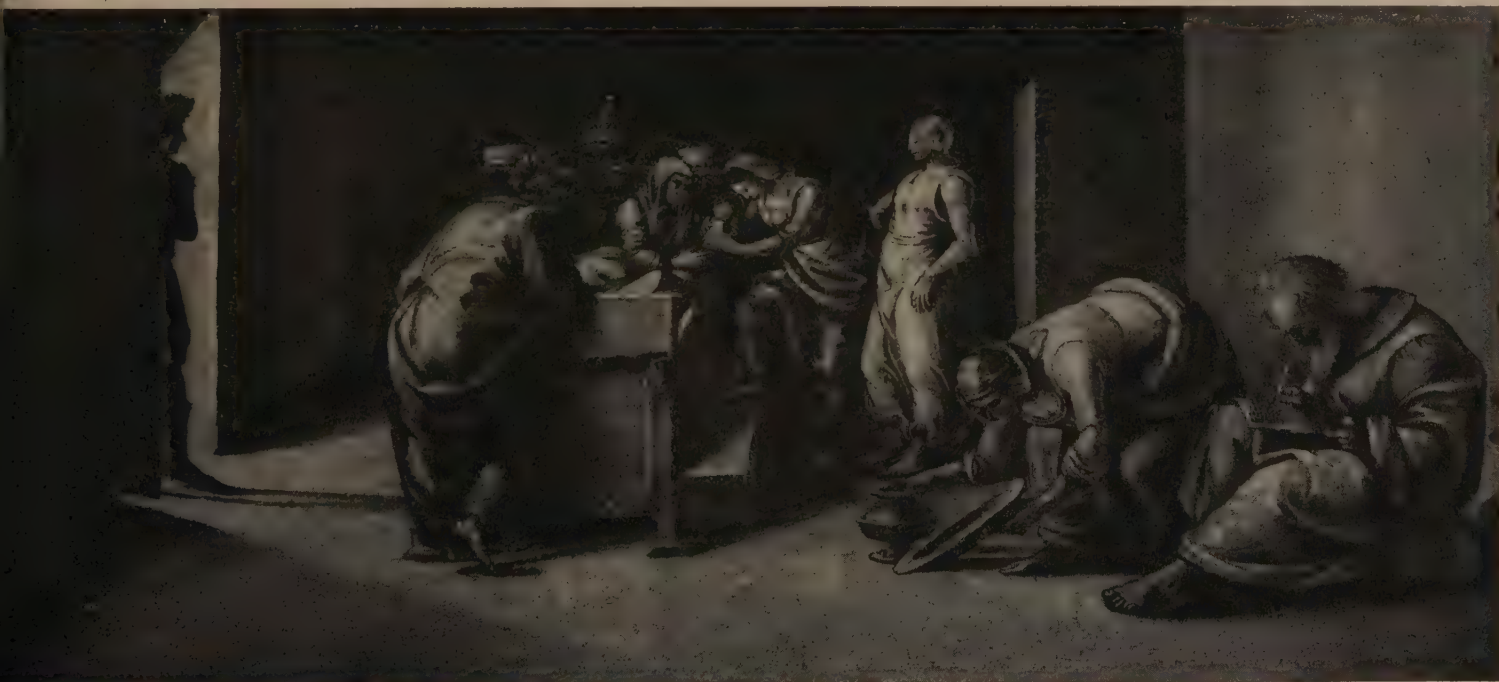
Adriaen Van Ostade: CARDPLAYERS. Antwerp.

...ubens and Van Ostade) the edges express continuity. What
...es on seems to be not separation, but rather attachment.
...e outlines say, "and, and, and." Whatever is next, be it sky,
...riage, building—distant or near—is given a sense of contact
...th the figures. In the other form (Raphael and Signorelli)
...e edges express disconnection. They say, "Here is the end

and limit of this object. From here to the next object is empty
space."

Now, before speculating on the why and wherefore of these
distinct forms, and examining one unsuccessful mixture, look
on the next two pages at a few more examples, together with
some magnified details.

Luca Signorelli: BIRTH OF THE VIRGIN. Louvre.





Eugene Delacroix: LION HUNT. Art Institute of Chicago.



Delacroix's *Lion Hunt* shows men and animals in violent action. Horses are rearing, lions are leaping and pouncing, men are wildly attacking them with swords and spears. Here would you expect to find the furious lion glued to the fallen horse? And both firmly attached to the figure of the spearman behind? Yet if you look in the detail at the places where their outlines intersect you see they are modeled as though in contact.

In extreme contrast to the Delacroix is Bellini's *Madonna of the Meadow* (opposite). The placid Mother sits in the shade before a sunlit field, where cowherds rest, and animals graze peacefully. She looks fixedly at her sleeping Child her hands uplifted as in prayer. You might expect these figures, gently at rest, to be modeled as though they were attached to their environment. Yet on the contrary, the outlines say "There is

complete separateness here. What we enclose is surrounded by empty space." Though it seems opposed to common sense that it should be so, nevertheless the Delacroix (all sewed together as it were) really does convey a sense of life in violent movement! While the Bellini strongly impresses you with the weight and substance of its noble subject.

In the other Bellini, *A Christian Allegory*, the subject is a tableau, and so neither mobility nor movement is wanted. The objects are modeled as though surrounded by empty space. Notice that they are lined up in rows, that the rows exactly parallel the bottom of the picture frame, and that the architectural setting is relatively narrow in depth (compared with the whole picture) and is parallel to the frame also. Such an arrangement is typical when the forms in the picture are



Giovanni Bellini: CHRISTIAN ALLEGORY, Uffizi Gallery, Florence.



Giovanni Bellini: MADONNA OF
THE MEADOW, *National Gal-*
ery, London.



modeled as though detached. The striking thing is that there is never the suggestion of mobility in such compositions, even though the figures may be shown in action poses. (Just ask them to change their postures!) But the forms are presented clearly, and make a strong impression of weight.

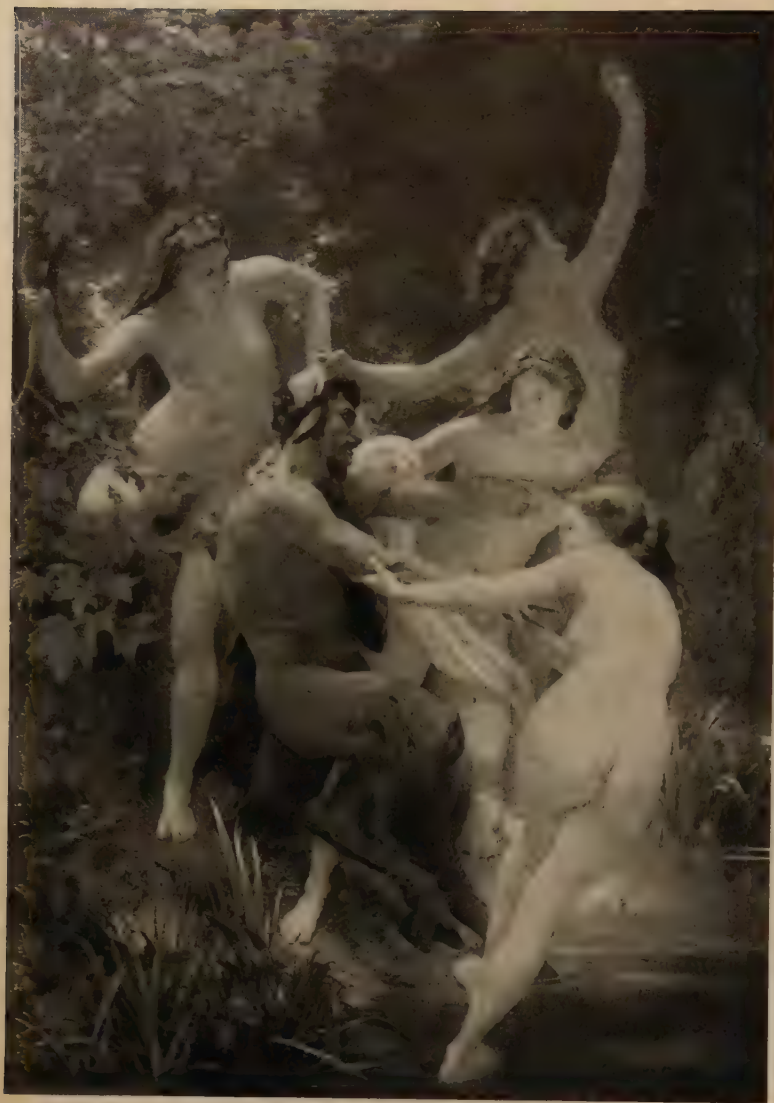
How different are the figures in the Watteau! The impression is that the little people are moving, or at any rate, could move. (Command them to do so!) Instead of a feeling of attachment at the edges, the detail shows you that the substance of the objects seems to flow over their borders, becoming immeasurably finer, as if it were air, or again coarser, as earth,

bodies, trees. Here are no strict narrow layers! Rather the figures seem to move casually over the landscape, and landscape and figures join in a general flow inward. The meaning here depends on your impression of life, mobility, and airy depth of indefinite extent. Would this impression remain if you could pry the figures loose, force them away from the landscape, and line them up in such a narrow horizontal layer as Raphael, or Bellini, or Signorelli would use? Though the forms might appear more imposing and more solid, the effect of liveliness and movement would be ruined.

But why not paint a picture having all possible freedom

Antoine Watteau: EMBARKA-
TION FOR CYTHEREA. *Berlin.*





The binding-together treatment of the edges in Renoir's WOMAN SEWING (Above. Art Institute of Chicago) shows clearly which form his painting belongs. In contrast, the edges in Bouguereau's SATYR AND NYMPHS make for separation. Yet the lack of coherence in the environment (when the figures are imagined to be removed) shows the academic painter's failure to express either mobility or real space.

and movement, and also model the forms so that the outlines say "What we enclose is surrounded by empty space"? "Real" space, where, as in real life, a room and its occupants exist independently, is thrilling to find in a picture. Why have any restrictions at all? Let's have everything.

So thought Bouguereau, and a whole school of "salon" painters. The result is very illuminating. Despite all possible adroitness in modeling, and animation in the arrangement, death descended! Cézanne's awkwardly drawn bathers are infinitely more alive. Why?

There is a famous picture by Bouguereau, called *Nymphs and Satyr* (famous, surely, for the incredible skill of the rendering and also because it used to hang above a bar). When this picture is actually seen, in a good light, it takes your breath away—for a moment. It is so amazingly realistic, it is like the Eden Musée—and there is the clue to its failure to reach the class of immortal work. It is like wax works which, after all, fall away from the conditions of sculpture by speaking only through illusion. The figures are fantastically gesturing—but the picture speaks neither of mobility nor movement since, in painting, this communication is made through a continuity, as we have seen in Rubens, Van Ostade, Delacroix, and Watteau, and not present here. Neither does the picture speak of "real" space, or of the substantial character of things and persons, since the artist has ignored the two conditions for this artistic statement: that is, a strict layering of the arrangement, exactly parallel to the picture surface, and an emphatic repetition of the directions

of the frame, as in the Raphael, Signorelli, and the Bellini. To see whether this is so, look intently at these nymphs and satyrs, and order the violently gesticulating figures to change their positions. Watch them closely. They are fixed! No movement is possible.

On the other hand, the sense of separation from the surroundings at the contour of each form is complete; so perhaps the space is "real." Very well, in fantasy have the figures taken away (they cannot be imagined to walk out) and see what is left—an environment which can be felt as having an existence by itself? Nothing is left but fragments having no sense of unity, and, therefore, no conviction.

By these tests then, this picture which tries to have both movement and "real" space (that goes with detachment of forms), has neither. It is my notion that the two effects—movement (or mobility) and detachment of forms are contradictory, and *cannot* be had together. But why?

I think that if we look at the problem of painting without taking for granted all that we usually do about it, we shall see why. In the first place, surely it is axiomatic that what a painter *may not* take for granted is the character of the thing he is painting *on*. Be it a teacup, a ginger jar, a piece of cloth, or a level-surfaced oblong thing we call a picture, what that thing is like has to be featured. All immortal schools of painting, including the Oriental, have kept this clear.

And if the painter wants to make the thing painted on look different from what it is, he has to keep several balls in the

at once—that is, he has to create several sets of suggestions—one set always keeping you aware of what the thing painted on is like, while other suggestions are persuading you of depth, movement, weight, and what not. Jean Hélion has defined painting as "... combining opposed purposes so that they develop instead of annihilate each other."

If a painter uses illusion, however, the suggestions that keep you aware of the surface are dropped out. This is especially tempting because a picture frame certainly does look like a window frame.

The *idea* of the plane can be kept strongly to the fore, though, even if illusion be carried to the point of creating a sense of the detachment of forms, when the arrangement clearly shows the directions of the surface. An idea of plane presents itself to your mind when you take in the forms in parallel rows, even if each form and each row are felt to be separate and unattached. So with Michelangelo, Raphael, Signorelli, Cellini, and, I think, Poussin.

But when a sense of movement into depth is wanted, or a visual effect in which figures appear moving or mobile, in a space deeper here and less deep there—then *any* detachment, *any* break in the continuity is fatal. The conviction of unbroken

continuous material is necessary to suggest, subtly, the picture surface, and to keep the notion of it alive through its apparent transformation into deep space, furnished with flesh, rock, buildings, air, with all sorts of bumps and hollows.

There is a series of decorations by Rubens (they were in the Prado, Madrid) which seem to demonstrate this almost to the point of caricature. The final illustration is an example. It is full of deep space and of weighty forms, represented within the picture as painted on a draped and billowing canvas! The potency of this double suggestion is startling. Here what generally remains implicit, or hidden, but working nevertheless, Rubens says right out.

I have tried to give a limited view of two equally potent painting forms having distinctly different meanings, and to suggest why, possibly, they cannot successfully be combined. A still existing difference between modern and academic artists is that while the former show that they recognize this incompatibility (whether they bother to formulate it or not), the academic still use an anomalous mixture. Isn't "continuous" form clearly the most used painting form of our day? Surely the discipline with which the picture surface is featured is an outstanding characteristic of modern painting.

Peter Paul Rubens: THE TRIUMPH OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH. Prado, Madrid.



WASSILY KANDINSKY

By JULIA and LYONEL FEININGER

WE are perfectly aware that it is beyond our ability to give a comprehensive picture of the personality of Kandinsky, who died this winter in Paris seventy-eight years old. Those who knew him in Russia, or Munich, or Paris, may want to place the accent on quite a different facet of the complexity which makes the artist. We were in personal contact with him for only about eight years—at the Bauhaus, first in Weimar, later in Dessau. In the course of events, after the annihilation of the Bauhaus by the Nazi regime, we lost contact with one another, Kandinsky having gone to Paris, and we to our own country, the United States.

We met Kandinsky for the first time in Berlin late in 1921. So soon after the war everything was still in a turmoil, but the spiritual life buried for many years was now demanding its rights everywhere. There was an atmosphere of hope and a will for developing creative powers after four years of destruction. The Bauhaus was newly founded. Considerable excitement was aroused among the faculty and the students when it became known that Gropius, our director, had asked Kandinsky to join us, and that he had accepted. After the war Kandinsky, who had been living in Sweden for a while, had returned to Russia. Then, in 1921 he resigned leading positions at the academy as well as at the university in Moscow to become a "master" (the equivalent for the academic title professor) at the Bauhaus.

With an established reputation as a painter, Kandinsky was also well known as a writer. He was the first to propagate the new trends in art in the *Blau Reiter*, and in his autobiography, translated into German from the Russian text and published in 1913 in *Der Sturm* in Berlin. His book "Ueber das Geistige in der Kunst" had created a deep impression and had been a source of much enlightenment (and much controversy) shortly after its appearance in 1912.

We were no strangers to Kandinsky. We had friends in common; Alfred Kubin and Maria Marc, the widow of Franz Marc, the painter who was killed in 1915 in the World War, were especially close to him and to us. A good and sincere friendship soon developed between Kandinsky and ourselves. The summer of 1922 we spent together at the seaside. These weeks of relaxation brought about a greater intimacy, and thus Kandinsky, whose family we knew had been Russian aristocrats, once told us that the slight Mongolian trait we thought was noticeable in his features might have come from an ancestor, a Tartar princess whom a Kandinsky had married in the 17th century. Quite in keeping with the tradition of Kandinsky's surroundings in his youth, he had chosen the study of political economy and law as a profession. But he told us about the underlying attraction which art had had for him from his earliest youth. So, when called to a professorship at the university in Dorpat it was not astonishing that he went instead to Munich to become a painter.

We were extremely fond of Kandinsky. Conjuring up his personality, to us the outstanding features seem to have been his poise, his innate dignity resulting from a supremely balanced mind and nobility of character. He was in command of the most admirable self-control. Though his attitude was always reserved, one had the feeling in his presence of being enveloped in a kind and wise benevolence. There was nothing of the bureaucrat in his make-up. His very acute sense of humor prevented him from ever becoming didactic. He understood both sides of every question. It was he who invariably was chosen

and delegated to negotiate and to smooth matters over when difficulties cropped up either among the students or with interfering officialdom, of which there was no lack during the existence of the Bauhaus. We remember his whimsical smile. He seldom laughed outright, but he would give a quiet little chuckle and follow it up with a dry remark. He had a way of looking perfectly pleased with himself at these moments and, otherwise aloof and disciplined, he then became suddenly human like the rest of us.

Kandinsky was revered by his students. Not only did they admire him as an artist, but his human qualities won their deepest affection. He may have appeared unapproachable to the outsider, yet what a warm glow would shine in his eyes and illumine his entire face as soon as there was a contact established between himself and another person. With his never-failing instinct for keeping his distance, never intruding, he took interest in his students' joys and sorrows, giving material help to those in need, quite secretly (we wonder whether many besides ourselves knew of it at the time). He liked to have young people work with him on problems which made cooperation possible. On a mural painting for the building of the Independent Artists in Berlin he worked together with one of his students who is now living in New York, a painter and prominent commercial artist. In his classes, besides lecturing, Kandinsky set problems of line, color, spacing and balance—singly or in combination with one another, problems to be worked out by the students and later to be analyzed in discussion. Kandinsky possessed the rare gift of constructive criticism. Thus, attending his classes was profitable also for those whose artistic aims differed from his, and he was wise enough not to try to force anything. He just wanted to make others observe and see for themselves, and use their brains.

Kandinsky's clear thinking and trained mind needed writing as an additional means of expression. It was the counter-balance to the emotional side of his nature expressed in his paintings. Though he loved music—he had much intercourse with musicians and composers and in his writings references to music play an important part—yet he was not a performer on any instrument. In the evenings, when there were the sounds of music from Klee's or our own house, and we had asked Kandinsky to come over and listen, he would answer with a sort of apology in his smile, "I would love to, but I have to write." Then he would be sitting in his den in the back of his house overlooking the garden, preparing for his lectures, working at his books, or attending to his widespread correspondence. Goethe wrote ". . . little as one creates with conscious pre-determination, conscious effort becomes necessary in the process of completing . . ." This should be applicable to all artists—it certainly does apply to Kandinsky and his work.

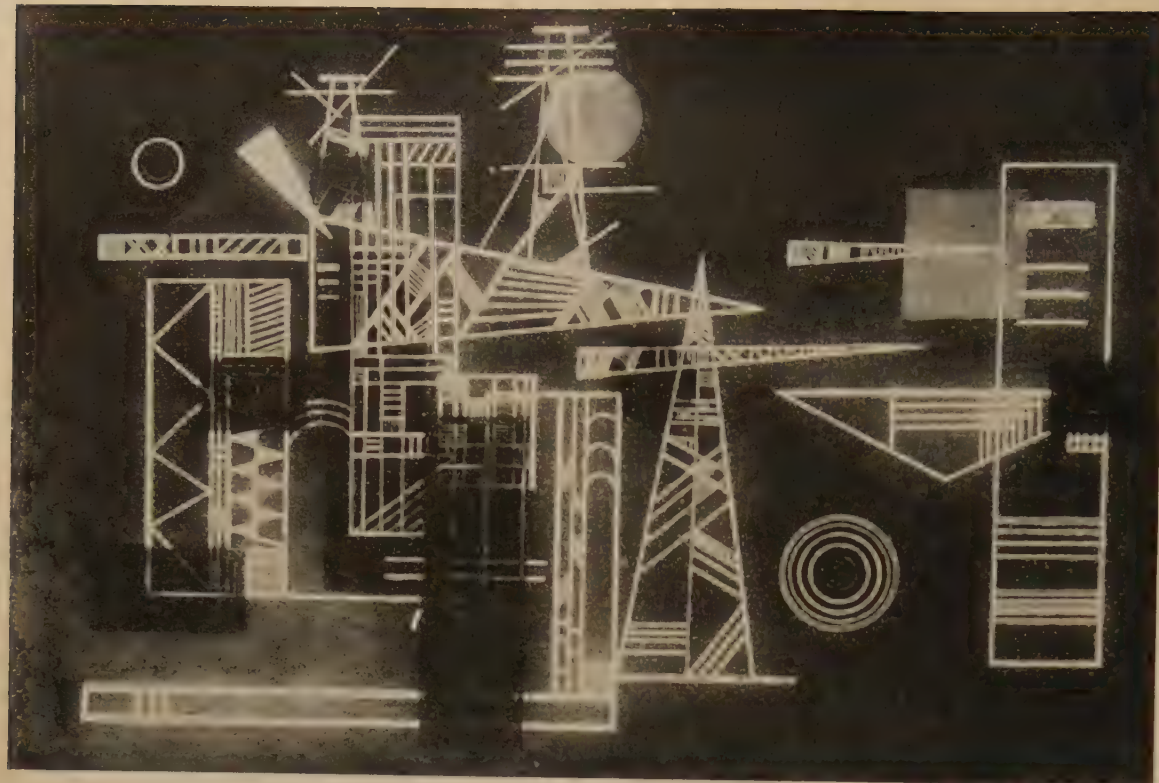
Twenty years ago we often wondered whether the Russian Kandinsky could be completely understood only by a Russian. But now, much which seemed difficult to comprehend when clouded by proximity, reveals itself clearly. His treatment of color, rich and beautiful in itself, and as if endowed with magical qualities to carry emotion, his shapes and forms, detached and ethereal, flowerlike, floating, or strong and powerful, with his sense of construction showing clearly yet never becoming mechanical or merely decorative, his vision and inexhaustible fantasy—and all this controlled by his trained mind—that is Kandinsky, the unique painter, whose work is today admired and understood by the artists of the world.



Vasily Kandinsky: ABSTRACTION-AUTUMN, 1912, oil, 32 x 44 inches. Collection of Karl Nierendorf, New York City.

Kandinsky: THE WHITE EDGE, 1913, oil, 75½ x 55 inches. Collection of the Solomon R. Guggenheim Foundation, New York City, where this and the painting above were shown recently in a huge memorial exhibition of Kandinsky's work.





Wassily Kandinsky: STRUCTURE OF POINTS, 1927, oil

THE LANGUAGE OF KANDINSKY

By STANLEY WILLIAM HAYTER

IT IS not possible in the scope of a short article to estimate the contribution of Kandinsky to modern art, and although a considerable literature on his work exists, a definitive book on his complete development has not appeared. It may, however, be possible to underline a few implications of his work in terms of the language of expression he used—a language still widely misunderstood and unfamiliar to the great public.

In the year 1911 Paris was painting analytic cubism, a new presentation of the object derived from a series of direct visual images. Picasso was thirty. Kandinsky, a forty-five-year-old ex-economist turned painter, was making improvisations in which dependence on the immediate visual image, even as a point of departure, had been abandoned. He had learned to trust the unaided imagination: the image-making faculty—which itself can be considered to function in terms of past assimilated visual experience—but he no longer found it necessary to hang his image from a representation of an object.

Since the last decade of the 19th century the modern painter had achieved complete freedom from the representational modes of projection accepted by western art for centuries. With this liberty of creation he had to accept a certain degree of isolation from a public still dominated by the "tradition" of the last century, and which could not be expected to exhibit the same degree of imaginative activity as himself. He had also inherited the responsibility which is implied by absolute freedom. Practically he was confronted with the obligation to re-invent and justify the whole meaning and language of graphic communication for himself with every canvas.

Kandinsky, like many modern artists, seems to have re-enacted for himself the stages which brought about this break in the tradition of graphic art—and to have taken, perhaps for the first time, the last step from a change of emphasis to the final deliverance from the object. These stages are, briefly: A. An exclusive preoccupation with the means to be employed (cf. impressionism, first phase of cubism). B. The quest and selection of visual material (with the assumption that, if one could

choose well enough, the components of the work existed in "Nature"). C. The synthesis from such objective material in terms of the idea present in the imagination of the artist (cf. the last phase of cubism). Kandinsky had arrived successively at the conclusions: first, that the ready-made work of art was not to be found in external nature ready for transference by whatever means to canvas; secondly, that even the fragments to be reassembled could not be found; finally that the manner of assembly (composition), the order of projection, were not in themselves enough to justify the final work. He seems at this time to have concluded further that logical processes were inadequate to the creation of a painting.

In this connection it is interesting that Kandinsky states in his autobiography that he was never able to overcome the initial difficulties of mathematics; perhaps as a consequence, like many non-mathematical people, he regards mathematics with too great respect as a determining factor in certain forms. To refer as he does to the triangle, square, circle, as geometrical forms to the exclusion of such less obvious forms as ellipse, parabola, hyperbola, lemniscate, or cardioid is too narrow a view of geometry. Obviously a mathematical expression can be devised for any curve, surface, or solid, although the expression becomes impossibly cumbersome where a sufficient degree of irregularity exists in the form to be described. He fails to realize the very superficial order of the commentary that mathematics furnishes on visual phenomena, but he arrives, just the same, at a distrust of mathematical means in the projection of graphic material.

From this point Kandinsky commenced to evolve a language of expression which is now the common property of all modern artists capable of employing it. The typical Western space figured by Leonardo da Vinci, described by means of linear and atmospheric perspective, could be regarded as a cylindrical projection of a quarter sphere rather than a sphere (or series of expanding spheres). To consider the simplest case where limited space is described, although no actual surface of earth

be shown, it is always assumed as a horizontal plane, intersected normally at right angles by the plane of the canvas; thus imaginary sphere of reference has been twice bisected, and the portion represented lies within one of the quarters. The perspective convention which shows all perpendiculars parallel corresponds to the projection of such a sphere on a cylinder—the whole sphere could of course be shown as a panorama on the inside surface of a cylinder, or with a little distortion, the four walls of a room like a Mercator's projection inside. In the earliest of Kandinsky's works we see traces of this representation of space, and it is enclosed within the apparent frame of the picture. But after 1915 a different order of space makes its appearance. The basal plane is eliminated and the space figured appears not only to be continuous in all directions, but its coordinates are no longer referred to a solid plane. Like inter-stellar space it is to be referred only to remote points in terms of motion. The position in this space of lines, planes, and volumes, organized as a planetary system, is defined by means that become more subtle as the certainty of the artist develops, while the forms themselves become more precise and their organization, though still lyrical, less chaotic.

In the earlier examples line in two dimensions, perspective, and position to obtain recession are his principal tools; the color is functional, is attached to the element it characterizes. Thus though he might (and did) make a tree red, the redness is of a tree; later it would characterize a quality of the color alone. By 1920 the line, often line become expanded to volume, moves in three dimensions, transparency is added to overlapping volumes in recession, and the color, divorced from its function in characterizing an element in a composition, serves to situate the element in space. It is interesting that one of Kandinsky's first publications was called "Sounds". He seems to have felt strongly the similarity between audible pitch and line, and hue and saturation of color. The opposition of color to distinguish approach or recession must have seemed to him similar to the change of pitch which occurs when a fast-moving train whistle passes the hearer.

So far Kandinsky's use of space has been discussed as a static frame in which pictorial elements could be organized, but the interrelation between these elements and the space in which they are presented cannot be ignored. It should be obvious that such relation must modify the space itself, that a point in a closed volume sets up tensions throughout the volume, that the antithesis between space and object is illusory. When, as the development of movement as flow or direction in his work evolved about 1920 into the integration of motion in the space, that space acquired a further series of dimensions.

In the traditional art of the West motion had been represented almost exclusively as arrested; depicted as that position of an object which called for a conclusion by the observer as to its consequence. Kandinsky, however, figures motion as an element itself without invariably representing that which moves or has moved (cf. Oscar Fischinger's films of graphic movement or music). Sometimes a series of points, traces like trajectories or orbits describe this movement; often an unbalance of tension between the forms demonstrates the motion.

From 1920 on, motion between elements is clearly implied; the composition is suspended like a Calder mobile from a fixed point. Within the system itself movement takes place generally on a closed path. Like the mobile, even if the permutations of the different velocities and amplitudes of motion result in an almost infinite series of different positions, so that return to the initial position may be indefinitely delayed, yet due to the fixed point of suspension the individual elements move as a balance, a pendulum, an oscillation in a circular or elliptical



Alexander Calder: HANGING MOBILE, aluminum, steel wire, 1936. Collection of Mrs. Meric Gallery. Photo, Museum of Modern Art.

Kandinsky: CONSTANT GREEN, 1925. Collection of K. Sponagel, Zurich. "... the composition is suspended like a Calder mobile from a fixed point."





Joan Miro: LE BEL OISEAU DÉCHIFFRANT L'INCONNU AU COUPLE D'AMoureux, 1941, tempera, 18 x 15 inches. Pierre Matisse Gallery.



Kandinsky: BLACK POINTS, 1937, oil. "... the demonstration of space as a transparent medium by points or small elements

closed path (see Calder *Mobile*, 1936; *Constant Green*, 1925).

With Kandinsky's development of mastery over the expression of motion we find none of the exuberance of the inexperienced artist. When he has acquired complete control over the factor of motion in his compositions, he does not launch forth into irresponsible demonstrations of violent motion for its own sake (cf. Futurism, *Aeropittura*). There even seems to be a deepening sobriety in the employment of these means, a greater restraint—the use of extremely stable, static constructions in which one or a few elements of varying tension indicate motion or the drift of the space through the construction. In the growth of his sense of color we find him exploring the possibility of employing pure color to indicate the extension of the pictorial system in depth. Thus in *Structure of Points*, 1927, we see a rigid construction in which the factor of motion is reduced to the difference of elasticity between the rectilinear frame and the curved forms. Another case exhibits a static frame of composition with a few arrow-shaped elements belonging to the "background" or the space interpenetrating the rigid element indicating a movement of flow, a drift in the space itself through the construction.

In certain of the later canvases Kandinsky has muted the vibration to a very small amplitude in which only the opposition of color in the small squares of the chessboard motif are in active pulsation. He uses this effect as astronomers use the shift of color of a star toward the red end of the spectrum to estimate the speed of regression, and the corresponding shift toward the violet, the speed of approach. Throughout his career the execution of his paintings has changed slowly from the almost automatic "brio" of the earlier drawings (and it is to be noted that at no time does this quality disappear entirely from his work) to a remarkable precision—what he might have termed a "geometrical" accuracy of execution. Among followers of modern art there is currently a certain prejudice against

accuracy often referred to as "mechanical". It is to be hoped that the mechanical beauty of a Calder mobile, the precision of a Mondrian, and the exactitude of Kandinsky will dissipate this prejudice. It should be obvious that if an artist is unsure he is compelled to be broad, vague in his treatment, and that to illusion—precision would betray him. Precision is obtainable by one who is sure. To paint with the precision of Kandinsky a modern artist must abandon easy effects, must trust completely to his invention (should we say inspiration) and have the courage to stand by the result.

Kandinsky has been attacked frequently as a cold, theoretic painter, obsessed with precision and insensitive to the current of feeling and thought of his time. Although I think it unnecessary to undertake his defense in such an article as this, I wish to offer two comparisons—with a warning. The resemblance between the motifs employed by Miro in the *Harlequin's Carnival*, 1925, and Kandinsky in *Middle Companion*, 1937 (and, incidentally, since the early twenties), does not show that Miro borrowed the one from the other. Such an error would be left to professional art critics. Such forms were current, they characterize preoccupations in the minds of sensitive people in that time—and were employed by artists who possessed the sensitivity to appreciate them without borrowing from one another. No one invented them—or should we say everyone.

In the last comparison the Kandinsky *Black Points*, 1937, and the Miro gouache, 1941, the resemblance may be less obvious, but the method of organization, the demonstration of space as a transparent medium by points or small elements suspended in depth with a wide movement through the space are similar. That the content of idea of the two paintings is completely different is another matter; this means of course that they are two different painters with distinct motives. But it is sufficient for our purpose if we have shown that the two artists use the common universal language of modern art.



Joan Miro: HARLEQUINS' CARIVAL, 1924-25, oil, Albright Art Gallery, Buffalo. (Below:) Kandinsky: MIDDLE COMPANION, 1937, oil.





Leningrad, Apartment house of the Soviets. Levinson and Fomine, 1932-1936. Photographs Sovfoto unless otherwise specified.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF RUSSIAN ARCHITECTURE—II

By TALBOT HAMLIN

THE building of St. Isaac's Cathedral, Leningrad, 1818-1842, designed by de Montferrand, marks an epoch in Russian architecture. Here for the first time structural iron was used as the major factor in the erection of a great monumental church. Its iron dome framework probably influenced Walter in the design of the present Capitol dome in Washington, and in both cases the contrast between the metal engineering of the supports and the imitation in cast iron of classic masonry forms was prophetic.

The effects of the Industrial Revolution came only late and slowly into Russia, but their inevitable advent was bound to produce, there as elsewhere, a period of esthetic uncertainty and confusion. The old traditions of Russian feudalism and the unquestioned dominance of church and court began to yield before 19th-century rationalism. The contrast between Russia and the liberal Western World was too great; the feeling of disillusionment, of occasional despair, and the sense of utility that shows in so many of the works of Dostoevski and even of Chekhov are reflected in a confused architecture. The court vacillated between a dreamy liberalism and an obscurantist reaction, swung indecisively between the ideals of parliamentary government and the mysteries and somber formalism of the medieval Eastern Church. Occasional outbursts of political violence revealed all too strongly the widespread poverty and misery that lay beneath the gilded courtly masque of the aristocracy, and Siberian prisons were the usual answer the government offered to the questions of an awaking people.

The growth of Russian cities, say from 1850 to the Revolution, well expresses this confusion. An incomplete industrialization served at least to create a growing city proletariat, filling growing slums. Acres of the crudest wooden shacks rose cheek-by-jowl next to magnificent monumental structures; except in Leningrad, where the firm pattern of the careful older plan forced a deceptive appearance of order, Russian towns as they grew increased only in confusion. In general the monumental structures and the homes of the wealthy followed the eclectic ideals of western Europe. But in Russia this eclecticism was complicated by a growing cultural nationalism, tied up largely with the Eastern Church; so that in Moscow, for instance, classic porticoes jostle most incongruously structures that caricature the Russian 17th-century lavishness, and onion domes flower illogically here and there.

The only really vital tradition that seems through all this period to have carried on a tenuous life was the tradition of peasant building in wood, with its rich surface carving and polychrome decoration. The more thoughtful Russians realized this and did much to stimulate the continuance of all the peasant arts and crafts. At the beginning of the 20th century, in the more sophisticated circles a definite attempt was made to combine influences from a Western *art nouveau* with others taken from the native peasant tradition; the result occasionally had definite emotional power, such as one sees for instance in some of the Bakst ballet sets developed under similar ideals. Yet architecturally the total effect was slight, for by the very nature of this movement it was at its best only in interiors and furniture.

All through this period the chief elements of order and centers of beauty in many Russian towns remained either in the Byzantine churches and monasteries or in the imaginative and powerful Russian classic of the early 19th century.

It was this architectural world, this confusion and paucity of ideals, to which the Russian Revolution fell heir. The emptiness of the work that had immediately preceded was all too evident; naturally it seemed to many that the only possible course was a complete departure from it all—a complete abandonment of the entire past, a search for architectural ideals as entirely new as the governmental ideals for which the Revolution struggled. The new architecture must express the qualities of the new socialist life which the Revolution was initiating: dynamism, creativeness, rationalized and socialized industrialism, the triumph of the Future. Naturally the architectural expression of these ideas reflected many of the general European post-war theories, but expressed them in ways more starkly simple, more direct, more shall we say "innocently," than elsewhere. Post-expressionism gave rise to two of the most important of these early Soviet architectural trends: Constructivism and Formalism.

Constructivism, which was at least partly under the influence of Italian Futurism, sought above all else the expression of movement, of power, of growth rather than being. It attempted to develop an architecture based on the poetry of pure construction. Fascinated by the machine—for many early Soviet thinkers felt that the future of Russia lay in mechanization—constructivist architects tried to develop an architecture of purely machine forms. Spiral lines and an attempt to depart from verticality or horizontality marked the more extreme expressions. In a series of books of superb drawings, the archi-

Tatlin: Proposed monument to the Third International, Moscow, 1920. Photo courtesy Museum of Modern Art, New York.





Leningrad, Palace of the Soviets. Architect: N. A. Trotski.

ecture professor Chernikov showed the pictorial possibilities of the style, though to the unbiased architect they could reveal also much of its basic unreality. Tatlin's design for a proposed monument to the Third International in 1920 is perhaps the best-known example of attempts to apply this kind of abstract thinking to actual architectural problems. It is interesting to note that Harrison & Fouilhoux, in developing their design for the trylon and perisphere at the New York World's Fair, were not uninfluenced by Russian Constructivism, as many of the earlier studies reveal.

Formalism set as its primary ideal the expression of a building's purpose. It was seeking for a modern *architecture parlante*, to use the term Ledoux had employed over a century before. And, just as Ledoux had sometimes sought this expressive nature in such abstractions as pure plan form, so the Formalists became equally unrealistic—for a plan form can seldom be understood by the ordinary observer of a building. For example, Melnikov's plan for the Workers' Clubhouse in Moscow, with its projecting lecture halls, resembled a gear wheel and was thus expressive of modern mechanisms, although the cog-wheel pattern only appears on the plan and is difficult to appreciate in viewing the building. Similarly the great Red Army Theater in Moscow, by Alabyan and Simbirtseff, was built with a plan resembling a five-pointed star, the symbol of the Russian army.

A third and strong influence in early Soviet architecture, more realistic but difficult of achievement in Russia at the time, was the International Style of Germany and France; several famous International Style architects from those two countries, with a few from the United States, have occasionally worked in Russia. The greatest monument of the style is LeCorbusier's building for the Commissariat of Light Industry—the Centrosoyus in Moscow—with its amazingly free and dynamic floor plan and its striking facade, in which the bold walls of polished red granite contrast with other fronts almost entirely in metal and glass.

All of this confusion of aims and ideals is reflected in the drawings submitted in the international competition for the Palace of the Soviets in 1931, and the second closed competition

of 1933 in Moscow. Significantly enough, however, there appeared among these drawings a number of designs in frankly classic or classicistic terms. These pointed the way to a new development in Soviet architecture. It was a tenet of Soviet thought that a people's culture must be built, at least in part on the people's wishes; hence popular reaction to the competitive designs in all competitions is eagerly sought, through public exhibition, and deeply heeded. The popular reaction in this case was almost unanimously in favor of the classic designs.

Perhaps the reason for this choice is not far to seek. In town after town throughout the western half of the Soviet Union the only areas which had the beauty of order, the dignity of conscious design, were the areas in which classic revival buildings were dominant. Leningrad seemed to many Russians almost the acme of what a city should be, and the handsome parts of Leningrad were classic revival without exception. To understand the depth and wideness of this emotion one has merely to remember the closing scenes of the great revolutionary film "Ten Days That Shook the World," where the people crowd up a magnificent flight of steps into a palace—a classic revival palace—with expressions of awed delight and the feeling that "this is now ours."

Moreover, the newer revolutionary buildings in more modern styles were often ill-built, and they aged badly. As yet the Soviet Union lacked entirely the kind of mechanized building industry that could produce the metal windows and doors and the infinite number of building details, made to precise dimensions and with meticulous accuracy, on which the beauty of many of the buildings of today depends. The foreign architects who worked in Russia are almost unanimous on the difficulties they had in attempting to erect modern buildings under primitive conditions; again and again, behind the apparently modern forms there was necessarily a traditional kind of construction almost medieval. Even within this traditional frame skilled craftsmen were lacking and could not be trained fast enough to keep up with the tremendous amount of building required. Thus for a double reason—the beauty of the earlier classic work, which nearly every Russian felt, and the unsatisfactory

Moscow, Red Army Theater.
Architects: Alabyan and Sim-
seff. "... a plan resem-
bling a five-pointed star, the
symbol of the Russian Army."



ect of many modern structures built with old techniques—
Russian population as a whole was unsympathetic to the
new forms.

The competition for the Palace of the Soviets produced a
kind of critical writing in Russia; it produced as well an official
statement by the Government Commission in which the efforts
to domesticate the International Style in Russia were com-
pletely repudiated. The statement was severe on what it termed
the childlike unreality of Constructivism and Formalism. It
was equally severe on the International Style. Buildings are not
machines, it claimed; naked functionalism is an insult to hu-
manity. In the Palace of the Soviets mankind should stand at
the center, and any fit design must therefore incorporate rich
sculpture and sculpture. The Palace of the Soviets must above
all express the fact that man is master of machines and not
their slave or servant. A socialistic state exists for man, and a
socialist architecture must express this pre-eminently. The state-
ment went on to assert that Lenin had said that the revolution-
ary state was the heir of all the past, culturally as well as
physically, and that therefore any wholesale discarding of all
past styles would be foolish. The architect A. Tolstoy, ap-
parently with official support, went further. Examining all the
past and present styles of architecture, he found them all un-
ited to a socialist state except the architectures of ancient
Greece and Rome. These alone, he felt, existed and were de-
veloped chiefly for great social purposes, for men as social be-
ings. Accordingly he called for a re-working of these ancient
styles, to create another Renaissance typical of modern socialist
Russia.

At first the classic reaction was as violent as the experi-
mentalism which had preceded it. Typical is Zholtovsky's
apartment house in Moscow, with its colossal applied
composite order—now the United States Embassy. Fortunately,
however, this extraordinary structure has remained a unique
example of extreme classical orthodoxy. Although the classic
movement has continued strong, it has departed more and
more from a direct imitation of 19th-century work, or even the
unchanged use of classic decorative forms, and attempted to
absorb into itself the large windows and wide doors, the lower

story heights, and the new building shapes to which a modern
civilization necessarily gives rise, and make of the combination
an integral style.

This vaguely defined ideal the Russian architects have named
the Architecture of Socialist Realism—real because founded
alike upon the people's needs and the people's own dreams.
In the decade since this doctrine was first enunciated, there
has occurred a gradual loosening of its basic classic formalisms.
There are architects of many kinds and tastes in Russia, and
the actual constructed work has varied extraordinarily both
in type and in quality. In Moscow the classical movement seems
stronger; in Leningrad, to judge from the great Palace of the
Leningrad Soviet, a freer, more modernized classic, something
like that of many recent American public buildings, is more the
rule.

To many this apparent desertion of the cause of "modern"
architecture seemed a tragic step backward. Yet it was really
a repetition of a process that had gone on more than once in
Russian architecture before; it was an attempt—more self-
conscious than before, it is true, and more explicit—to absorb a
current western European style and, after a period of close
imitation, to re-create it, or re-express it, in terms typically
Russian. In other countries, also, a somewhat similar process
has taken place as the original purist canons of the International
Style have been humanized, personalized, and made sensitive
to local materials, local climates, and local traditions.

One point remains to be clarified, however—the responsi-
bility of the creative artist to his audience and to the integrity
of his own vision. This is as yet a largely unsolved and unfaced
problem in modern democracies. To design "down" to a sup-
posedly lower audience is under any system inexcusably
patronizing. To have a closed mind to popular taste and popu-
lar emotional needs may in a social art like architecture be
equally stultifying. The architectural developments in Russia
in the next few years may cast a bright light on this difficult
problem.

In examining the work immediately preceding the present
war, one basic concept of Soviet architecture must be kept in
mind—the socialist belief that all surpluses belong to the



Kharkov, House of Industry. Architects: Serafimov, Folger, and Kravetz.

people and are to be used for the people's happiness and welfare generally. Hence many of the principles of "economy" as practised in capitalistic architecture are meaningless, and a certain lavishness—with large amounts of ornament, sculpture, and painting, sometimes not too well applied—is used to express this great principle. Another fact to be borne in mind is based on the whole make-up of the present Russian government as a Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. To each of them a large amount of cultural autonomy has been reserved, and this is reflected in nearly all of the building. These local differences are further reinforced by the great variations in climate and in available materials in different parts of the enormous country. For instance, many designs for the houses of collective farms merely continue, almost without change, older types of primitive local construction or other similar local styles, adding, however, such further amenities as the economics of the region make possible.

Naturally, also, urban construction and reconstruction have been one of the most important fields of Soviet architectural activity; probably nowhere else in the world has so much actual town planning of all sorts been achieved. Parks and civic improvements, athletic fields, workers' clubhouses, schools, theaters, and other buildings for popular amusement and education have flowered. In town planning, as in architecture itself,

the earlier International Style of city layout, with carefully oriented row houses and large open spaces—such as one seen for example, in Autostroy—has gradually yielded to a type of planning smaller in scale, freer in design, and certainly closer to the Russian tradition. People criticized such layout as that of Autostroy because they were too open to winter gales, too unprivate, and too mechanized, and because they lacked the orthodox street types the Russian people seemed to like. As a result most Russian city planning today is based on freely designed super blocks, with the ample open interior spaces at least partly enclosed and sheltered. Generally the aim seems to be to achieve a human scale; yet in great civic centers or memorial schemes like that proposed for the river front of Stalingrad, enormous monumentality and dimensions of almost Versailles magnitude often appear.

The war has forced a whole group of new problems upon the Russian architects, and required an approach of immediate and practical realism. At first the necessary construction of large industrial centers east of the Urals, to be built with a minimum of materials and a maximum of speed, made the rich lavishness of Moscow or Leningrad impossible. Later the pressing necessity of reconstructing the ravaged countryside and devastated cities liberated from the Germans compelled the architects to study the most efficient ways of using local materials and

Rostov-on-Don, Gorki Theater.





Boris Yofan: Design for the rebuilding of Stalingrad. Photo courtesy The Architectural Forum.

achieving livability in workable shelters of the simplest possible kind. Without doubt the future of Russian architecture will be deeply affected by the disciplines of realistic planning and construction which these war years have brought, even though much of the war-time construction is of a purely temporary nature. I feel we may confidently foresee a post-war architecture of greater directness and simplicity, with less of the superficial wedding-cake decoration; but I also feel that the strict functionalism of much western European architecture will never be acceptable to the Russian people. They and their architects wish buildings in which a nationalized surplus is reflected in lavish design, and in which the basically humanistic ideals which underlay the Revolution shall be expressed in an architecture that appeals directly to the taste of the multitude as well as to the taste of sophisticated architects.

Victor Vesnine, president of the Academy of Architecture, made a broadcast at the opening of the 6th session of the Academy in the summer of 1944. It is noteworthy that President Vesnine is one of the designers of the great Dnieperstroy dam and powerhouse, and stands definitely among the more radical and forward-looking of the Russian architects. His broadcast perhaps sums up better than anything else the present ideals and future hopes of Soviet architecture. He said in part (as reported in ARCHITECT AND BUILDING NEWS, July 28, 1944):

The first period of the Academy's life coincided with a fundamental revision of the creative principles of our architecture, marked by a departure from bare "Functionalism," a striving towards full artistic expression in combining high quality of content with clarity, severity, and truth. Socialist Realism became the basis of architecture. Already in those years we began to assimilate the rich heritage of world architecture and the treasure-house of Russian architecture, with its great traditions. . . .

We must not merely restore, mechanically replace, but create more beautiful towns, architectural compositions, and buildings than we possessed before. In recreating our cities, destroyed by the Germans, more beautiful and splendid, we must widely utilize the historical accumulation of architecture in the entire ensemble of the city, and add still more valuable examples of Soviet architecture—the architecture of Socialist Realism.

We must keep very much in mind the everyday necessities of town life, the comfort of the people who will have to live and grow up in the houses, work and rest in the factories, offices, and public buildings, where all practical needs must be catered for.

These are great and difficult tasks. But, if coped with successfully, they will bring undying glory to Soviet art. The Soviet people expect from us tremendous creative enthusiasm and achievement in the mighty tasks that face us. And we must justify, with credit, these great expectations of our people.

(This is the second of two articles by Mr. Hamlin on the Development of Russian Architecture.)

Architects: Shchuko and Guelfreich.





Zoltan Sepeshy: PORTRAIT WITH SAND DUNES, 1938, tempera on board, 36 x 30, Midtown Galleries, New York. The painter and his wife against a background of the dunes of northern Michigan.

I DON'T LIKE LABELS

By ZOLTAN SEPESHY

I DON'T like labels.

Why the love for categories, the insistence that an artist or a philosopher or a poet be neatly ticketed once and for all and put immutable into his little niche?

Here are some clippings which my vanity has garnered. One writer calls me a Hungarian artist. Another calls me a Czechoslovakian artist. Another concedes that I am an American. I learn that I am a naturalist, a visual realist, and impressionist, and at times even a cubist. Somebody decries my lack of social consciousness; somebody else okays that same lack. And then there is the reviewer who finds that I am too conscious of my ordinary social setting, and belabors me for my lack of "evocative" imagination, for my preoccupation with the world of everyday experience.

Critics have been kind to me. It is only when I look at the attempts, derogatory or otherwise, to label me that I am bewildered.

Don't get me wrong. "Realist", "romanticist", etc., etc.—all are valid adjectives in a specific context with specific elaboration. But as flat and rigid descriptions applied once and for all to an artist, they relegate him to the past. It is one thing to say, with critical explanation, that a painting is naturalistic. To say that the artist himself is a naturalist, to insist that all his work be in, and judged by, that tradition is to demand that he paint the same picture over and over again. It is to bury him before he is dead.

I suppose that if I were a Freudian I might find that my mistrust of fixed and dogmatic judgments has its roots in my childhood and adolescence. Certainly, everything was securely and neatly labeled for me in my native city of Kassa, then North Hungary.

"The Austro-Hungarian Empire is the most beautiful place in the world to be born into. The Austro-Hungarian Empire is the most blessed place to be born into. The Austro-Hungarian Empire is . . . etc., etc." This liturgy was dinned into my ears at the beginning (and end) of every school session. For, unlike the successful American who always works his way up from a log cabin, I was born into "land", money, and assured position. The Austro-Empire of the 1900's was indeed the most wonderful of places—for the few who were at the top in its semi-feudal society.

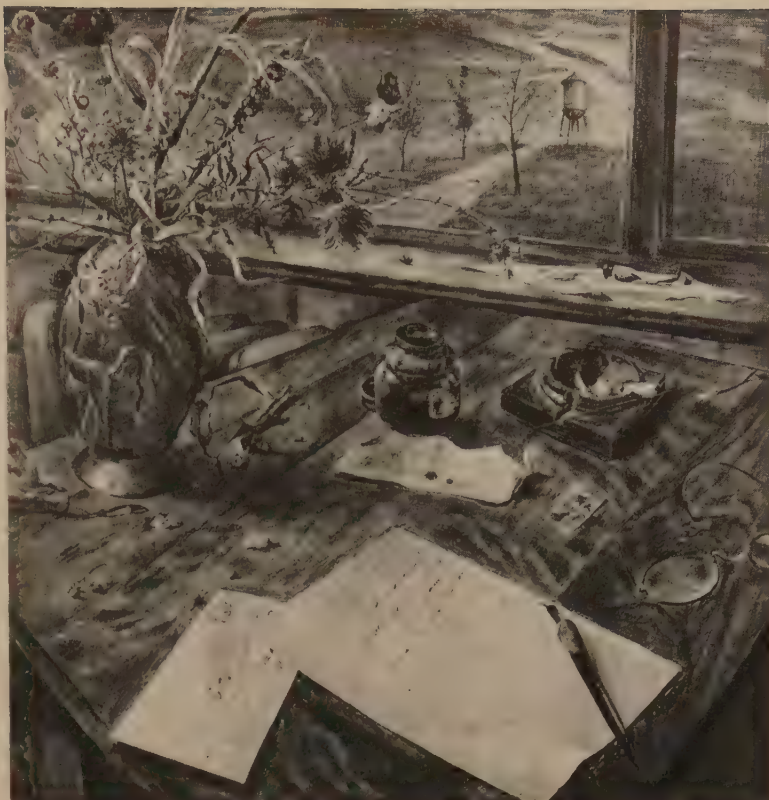
As I look back—and I hope that doesn't sound too doddering—I am incredulous at the accidental circumstances, the "ifs", that diverted me from the carefully prefigured government career which my good father had planned for me. If I hadn't wanted to "show" that drawing teacher who had flunked me, I might never have insisted that my parents let me study art. If the First World War had not wrecked our family fortunes, I might never have come to America, never have escaped the extreme nationalistic, inane romanticism that threatened indelibly to mark my work.

I feel that my studies at the Royal Academy of Art in Buda-

gave me excellent technical foundation. I feel, too, that my
 orted Alger-book youth—from fortune to poverty—rescued
 from a smug acceptance of the art traditions into which I
 drifting in my post-graduate career. I broke away from
 set of labels that might have enmeshed me for good.
 When fortune, the security of tradition, living in the cozy
 asantness of an inherited situation had gone with the wind,
 I came home—here—fate afforded me the sweet oppor-
 tunity for hard work. And I mean hard work. So while going
 rough the wringer”—and this is not a point of pride but
 in diagnosis—of doing for a few years what were then to
 such very “odd” jobs as stacking lumber, whitewashing
 ls, window trimming, architectural drafting, selling “popu-
 ’ booklets and real-estate in Hungarian, German, and Slovak
 und poor foreign settlements, selling my sketches out of a
 case to lawyers and doctors in downtown offices, I painted
 h a vengeance. I painted not floral table set-ups, manicured
 nery, maidens in salon outfits, and happy little people,
 railroad bridges, factories, miners, grimy city scenes,
 employed park habitues, and, through the generosity of a
 od friend, even Indians in New Mexico.

That was some time ago.

After eight or ten years of this I began to exhibit, talk,
 e, dislike, paint, teach, and even sell in English. Or I should
 her say in American. I married a blond American girl. As
 nd and as genuine as a sand dune, and I have two children,
 crossed as a field full of flowers. I began to paint the dunes,
 ermen. Main Street, the seasons, farms and maidens, the
 eat Lakes and the insides of industrial plants, poor Negroes,



Sepeshy: END OF DAY, 1940, tempera, 22 x 18, Gallery of Modern American Paintings, University of Arizona.

Sepeshy: REMNANTS OF SUMMER, 1940, oil, 30 x 20. Cranbrook Academy photo. Collection of Robert L. Marx, New York.





*Sepeshy: DRIFTWOOD, 1944
tempera, 36 x 28. Midtown
Galleries, New York City.*

murals, private and otherwise. And I painted one way or another. So you see I don't like labels, or the belief that there is only one thing to paint, and only one way to do it and be happy.

I know a man who sees social significance in everything. He may be absolutely right—he is also absolutely boring. If you tell him that it is a beautiful day, he says, "Yes, but not so beautiful for those who work in the mines and the factories." If you tell him that you enjoy the food you are eating, he reminds you of the underfed and the underprivileged. Yet I have often noticed that his own appetite is excellent. It is only conversation that insists upon steering into a few restricted channels.

What I feel about him, I also feel about those of my fellow-workers who pride themselves upon their one-way consciousness. To paint subject matter that reflects social injustice, to portray the distortions of civilization—war, disease, poverty, intolerance—this is to grasp a theme that is both moving and important. But to insist that such material is the only valid subject matter of art is a dogma as extreme as the counter-dogma of the esthetician who escapes from the world into his tower of ivory.

Well, I don't want to be too dogmatic about the whole matter. I like paintings of all kinds so long as they're good—socially conscious or not, American, Hungarian, Slovakian, French, romantic, idealistic. I just don't like the same painting painted over and over again.

There are restrictive labels besides those of subject matter, e. g., the familiar one of "method". Painters tell us that they are abstractionists, expressionists, cubists, realists and surrealists, non-objectivists and naturalists, etc. Such words are valid enough to describe certain methods, but to select one as the only road to genuine art is the height of fatuity. It is to hypothesize one tool among many, and its limitations are even more rigid than those of subject matter.

In my own work there has been constant experimentation

with media. I started "in oils", then used pastel, swam through watercolor, tried gouache (and still use it a great deal), and finally came to my present most important medium, tempera, as best suited to a graphic vision and approach. I still use the earlier media, but when I want results that I feel can come only through tempera, I plot and plan and chart out the weeks that a work in that medium, as I employ it, involves. To project an initial gouache or watercolor sketch on the prepared pure white surface upon which I do my tempera painting involves as much prefiguring and patience as a mural. Yet I love the fine, eye-burning work involved. Does that mean that I am "mere technician"? I hope not. Throughout my days of work there burns the impact that went into the initial sketch and the initial idea. There is the exciting knowledge that this carefully plotted road is the only road (for me) to the results I have envisioned. The reward is a translucence and a pure brilliance that I do not believe can be achieved in any other way. A friend tells me that my work is immaculate in everything but conception.

But notice that I do not say that my way is the only way. It is not the only way I myself employ; I still paint in other media. My tempera work is merely my road to a goal that I evaluate as an important achievement in my development.

In telling all this, I can only sum up by saying that there is no surely ticketed road to artistic accomplishment. Art is a vital and growing experience. It heightens, revitalizes, and makes secure the accidental perceptions and enjoyments that men occasionally find even in their ordinary activities. It extends everywhere. Furthermore it is fun, and one can have fun in many ways. Sometimes I wonder how—even with all the griefs—anyone can have as much fun in his short and modest career as I have had. "All this", I think, "and bread and butter, too." Yet what more important function can one fulfill than to point to experience and say, "This is the world that not all men can see. This is the realm that one must open to others."

epeshy: BUSINESS CENTER,
44, gouache, 40 x 32. Cran-
brook Academy Photo. (Be-
w:) NEGRO MEETING, 1937,
polished tempera, 45 x 38
ches. Midtown Galleries.





Painted cotton, 16th or 17th century India, 19 x 11 inches. Textile Museum of the District of Columbia, included in the cotton exhibition at Conway, Arkansas

HISTORIC COTTONS VISIT ARKANSAS

By M. D. C. CRAWFORD

THANKS to the determination and enthusiasm of Floy K. Hanson, director of the Hendrix Art Gallery of Hendrix College, in Conway, Arkansas, and to the generosity of George Hewitt Myers, president of the Textile Museum of the District of Columbia, a little community in the cotton belt of Arkansas is having a carefully selected exhibition of the art history of cotton. A museum has been moved to Arkansas, since, in this case, Arkansas could not move to the museum.

Conway is in the middle of a great cotton plantation area, and the life, prosperity and future of these people are all largely involved with the future of cotton. There is a great confusion about cotton's place in the world tomorrow, and confusion means uncertainty. Miss Hanson felt that if she could demonstrate to such an audience as this (by borrowing historic examples of fine cotton fabrics) the position of cotton in the fields of art and commerce, she might arouse an enthusiasm for a great fiber and restore the confidence of the people in a staple commodity with which their livelihood is concerned. In her request for help she regarded it as a problem in art, and she was right. But it is also a social and economic problem.

The shipment of materials as rare and valuable as historic cotton textiles seemed to me, at this time, an unwise proceeding on the part of any museum or private collector, and so I wrote her to this effect. But Mr. Myers, to whose attention I drew the matter, vigorously disagreed with me. He said in substance:

"Wherever there is a real and valid enthusiasm for artists' documents, it is, in a sense, a moral obligation to satisfy such desires and ambitions within the limits of reason and prudence. What else is a museum for?"

In my judgment, Mr. Myers has perhaps exceeded his own rules as to prudence, for he is sending a collection consisting of priceless documents: from Peru, from 17th and 18th-century India, 12th and 13th-century tombs of Fostat in Egypt, and from Cairo—all to a town and a college, and an individual known only to him by letters of request. The techniques represent woven design, the rare laces and lenos of Peru, wax dyeing, printing and painting. Many a great museum would welcome such a showing.

To this collection I am adding from my own some 19th century Javanese batiks of the colorful Chinese types of design and a lecture with kodachrome slides.

There are many plans now under discussion in this country as to the future of cotton, both as a fiber and as a fabric. The fantastic production for war uses must be replaced by some comparable demand in peace time, and, while this is in part a social problem, and in part a problem in applied technology, fundamentally it is also a problem in art. Here is the kind of service a museum can perform even in the midst of war, which may have a profound influence on the solution of many problems in peace time.



Illustration by Feodor Rojankovsky for "Animal Stories" by Georges Duplaix, published 1944 by Simon and Schuster, New York. This and other illustrations, together with the selected books, will be placed on exhibition at the Junior League Club of New York City on May 12, and will subsequently be circulated by the American Federation of Arts.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS, 1944-1945

By ALICE GRAEME KORFF

THE MAGAZINE OF ART is publishing herewith its first annual Children's Book List. Each year a number of standard lists appear, some as general advisory reading guides, some with specialized interest in illustration and format, but none, before now, has based its selection on a synthesis of all three—illustration, format, and text. With this in mind the MAGAZINE's Editorial Board invited the following persons to serve as the jury of selection: Jacques Barzun, associate professor of history at Columbia University and author of the recent "Teacher in America"; Mary Gould Davis, SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, associate editor in charge of books for children; Isabel Bishop, painter; Josette Frank, children's book advisor of the Child Study Association of America; and John D. Morse, editor of the MAGAZINE.

In its next issue the MAGAZINE will present a kind of empirical review of the jury's findings by publishing a report on child reactions to the selected list. Without pretending to settle the question once and for all, the test may throw some light on the old problem of whether to give a child the book you want him to like or to let him have the one (today, usually a comic book) he himself wants. It is a fact worth considering that the present boom in children's books bears no relation to what the child actually likes and reads. It is the grownups who buy, and the retail sales figures only register their choices. Perhaps the child's fresh appreciation may be more sure in its judgment than we give it credit for. For example, the sentimentality in many books for children is totally adult. Sentimentality is not a child-like trait.

Publishers, quite naturally, will produce the kind of books they think are wanted and will sell, and they have never seen anything like the present enormous demand for books for children. It is encouraging to note, incidentally, that many more inexpensive books are now on the market. The publishers have a serious responsibility to answer this overwhelming will and power to buy with the most constructive bookmaking. More than ever it is a time for discrimination and for thoughtful



planning. The demand is here, but it is raw and neither educated nor discriminating. The responsibility for improving not only the public's selection but the quality of the books available is widely divided between all those who have to do with books: the publishers who produce them, the libraries and schools which recommend them, the parents who buy them, the artists, authors, and designers who make them—and the people who select lists of "best books".

In selecting the MAGAZINE's list, the jury was asked to choose what it found to be the most outstanding books published between the spring of 1944 and the Spring of 1945 for children up to the age of ten. All publishers were asked to submit entries. The jury set the age limit of ten because it felt that above that age illustrations become less important than text. All trick books were declared ineligible. Books illustrated by photographs were considered equally with the others. The jury was left as free as possible in its action, and no limit was placed upon either the maximum or minimum number of books to be selected. A vote by three members of the jury for any book put that book on the list automatically.

For the sake of convenience in judging, all books were classified into four groups: books for younger and for older children, informative books, and traditional books. This last group included the modern reprints of classics. The jury, in general, condemned those books which were feebly or sparsely illus-



trated and yet passed as illustrated books, books with cluttered pages that confused the child with too many showy decorations, books of doubtful durability; and those books which had obvious appeal to the adult and little for the child.

In the group of eight picture-books chosen for younger children it is significant that almost all of them have the simple

background of the ordinary happenings of the young child's world. At this age, from two to five, he is absorbed in what he finds about him. He does not yet need fairy tales, bringing escape from his daily world, or the kind of books which provide outside stimulus. Life around him is exciting enough for his present needs and enjoyment. "Red Light, Green Light" uses the subject of traffic and traffic lights as its theme. "This Is The Milk That Jack Drank" tells the child the story of how his daily milk finds its way to his door. These books have a naturalness which children like, although the illustrations are of totally different styles. Leonard Weisgard's drawings in "Red Light, Green Light" may seem sophisticated for some young children, yet the treatment of the subject in broad, easy washes is so inviting and decorative that it has become a favorite already. In "The Milk That Jack Drank" the illustrations (by Charles G. Shaw, the abstract painter) have a bold diagrammatic quality with the large areas of bright, flat color which children usually enjoy. There is the careful planning here which the jury commented on in most young people's books published by William R. Scott. It was considered particularly important that books for children at this age level should have illustrations which are easily identified, type that is well spaced and clear and conducive to good reading habits, and pages which achieve a uncrowded, simple presentation.

The jury found it hard to classify "A Good Man And His Good Wife" in any one category, for its engaging quality will be enjoyed by people of all ages. This little book has caught



much of the liveliness of the comics, but the authors have infused its pages with real wit and worked out an original idea in an entirely successful manner. As though the child had opened the side of a doll's house to look inside, each illustration (by Ad Reinhart, another abstract painter and cartoonist for PM) shows the same cross section of the interior, printed in green, with the figures and the particular object under discussion printed in bright red. It was one of the few books in the selection which received more than three votes.

Two books illustrated by Feodor Rojankovsky are included in the list: "Animal Stories" by Georges Duplaix and "The Tale Book Of Nursery Tales," the latter grouped with the traditional and reprinted books. The jury admired the richness of invention and lavish use of color in all of Rojankovsky's work. The drawings have a warm vitality and an over-all design which should be good visual training for the young child. In its discussions of what constituted good illustrations, the jury was much interested in comparing this work with other similar drawings. It found that the realism of detail and truth of perception, i.e., the "cowness" of the cows, together with a certain



Top to bottom: Kurt Weise in "The Adventures of Monkey"; Charles Shaw in "This Is The Milk That Jack Drank"; Gustave Doré in "The Adventures of Baron Munchausen"; George Korff in "Baby Bears" (also opposite).

matic flair, put Rojankovsky's work ahead of its competitors. Children love detail if it is not confusing, and they love to recognize the familiar in their books. Rojankovsky's animals were judged better than his drawings of people, but throughout his work there is an inexhaustible imagination and a feeling of just fullness.

The imaginative illustrations by Helen Stone for "The Horse Who Lived Upstairs," by Phyllis McGinley, are of another spirit altogether and thoroughly successful in their own way. The drawings are delicate but have the feeling and the free, personal style of the artist. They must surely convey to the child their gaiety and rightness of design. The jury recognized that there is no set mold for good illustration and that a variety of different approaches is important to provide varying pictures of different personalities. No one book will please all children. In the group of books for older children, text, quite naturally, has a more prominent place. The children's interests are widening out, and as their experience grows they are ready for more story and less illustration. "A Ring And A Riddle" by Fritz Eichenberg and E. Segal and translated from the Russian is a fairy story, but completely in the modern manner. The magic is the magic of television and the airplane. The wonders in this story are not superhuman but real and actually obtainable.



The magic ring becomes the compass, and the seven league boots are a train. One juror deplored this substitution of machines for magic, but was outvoted on the ground that it is the kind of fancy that Soviet children as well as our own are now enjoying. The competent illustrations by Vera Bock are highly stylized and drawn with a clear-cut, mechanical precision. It has an ornamental, decorative style infrequently used in children's books.

The illustrations for "Rabbit Hill" by Robert Lawson were the cause of some discussion by members of the jury. Although the book was warmly praised by three members, those in the minority felt that they should voice the opinion that the drawings would contribute little to a child's artistic development. These dissenters regarded it as an example of what often happens when an author illustrates his own book—narrative triumphs over design; form is dissolved in subject. The text of "The Hundred Dresses" by Eleanor Estes, with illustrations by Slobodkin made one of the most interesting of the year's books. The moving story of a Polish child in a typical American school develops a strong theme of social propaganda. Some jurors felt it too insistent in its message; others that it is the kind of thing that needs to be said, and needs to be said to children in words they can understand.

The jury was disappointed not to be able to choose more

top to bottom: Vera Bock in "A Ring And A Riddle"; Fritz Eichenberg in "No Room"; Roger Duvoisin in "A Child's Garden Of Verses."



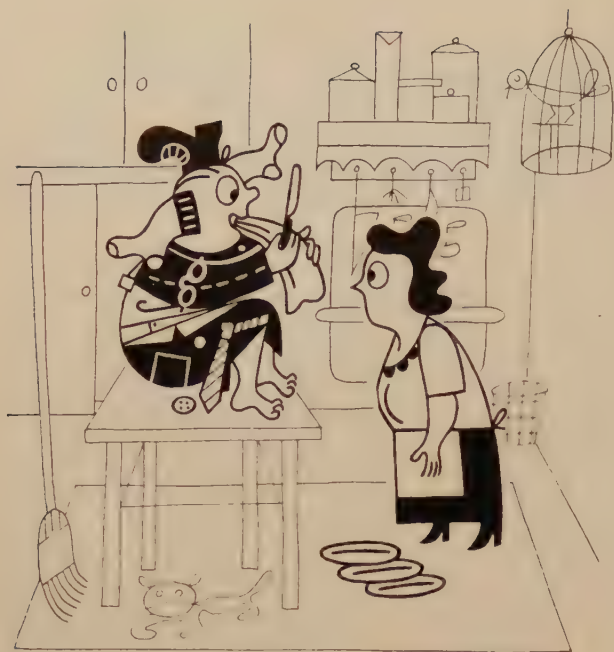
books under the heading of informative or special interests. Many of the books submitted with different kinds of factual subject matter were only pseudo-scientific or with material too much beyond a child's easy grasp. The jury liked the idea of such a book as the "Golden Dictionary" and the informative books on aviation, but was not satisfied with the quality of presentation. They recognized as well the usefulness of the several books of songs and regretted that none could be listed. One member of the jury gave high praise to C. H. DeWitt's illustrations for the latest volume of this artist's useful series of regional books. Others felt that the material covered was interesting, but that the candy-box color of the illustrations was inappropriate to the text. Among the books to be selected in this group was "Travelers All," a first book about plants and how their seeds travel. The material is extremely simple and particularly well selected for the early age group to which it is directed. It was felt that though the drawings might not stand on their own merit, they were adequate for the job. In "Fun With Chemistry," by Mae and Ira Freeman, simple, basic experiments are described and illustrated with photographs of the methods of procedure. The approach to the subject is accurate, informal, and appropriate, with the photographs supplying essential aid to the text. The jury wished that all the photographs were as uniformly good as in the same publisher's "Fun With Science" of last year.

Of the six books in the traditional grouping two are reprints of the Heritage Press, the much loved "Wind In The Willows" by Kenneth Grahame, and "A Child's Garden Of Verses" by Robert Louis Stevenson, illustrated by Roger Duvoisin. Another modern edition of the "Child's Garden Of Verses," illustrated with photographs and published by the U. S. Camera Club, was seriously considered by the jury members. There was no question of the illustrations' high quality



as photographs, yet the jury felt that children would look at them a few times and quickly exhaust their possibilities as stimulating accompaniment to the verses. In comparison, the photographic illustrations seemed more static than Duvoisin's drawings. One juror stressed the value of publishing traditional books in a modern idiom, pointing out that the affectionate regard most adults have for the original illustrations of a classic may or may not be shared by their children.

To many people the following list of 20 books may seem short. But if few were chosen, it is because few, in the jury's composite opinion, successfully combined the elements of text, illustration, and format. And although the list is small, it may be useful as a guide to reading and buying, and serve as a basis for the constructive discussion of standards of quality in children's books.



He did not reply, but went on buttering his napkin and chewing little pieces off it, and wiping his face with the biscuit. His garters jingled around his neck and his socks flopped on his ears.



And when she cried again, "But truly this is ridiculous, this is just too ridiculous!" he said very quietly, "My dear, I get so tired of the same things in the same place."

Illustrations by Ad Reinhardt for "A Good Man And His Good Wife" by Ruth Krauss, Harper and Brothers, N. Y., 1944.

MAGAZINE OF ART SELECTED CHILDREN'S BOOKS, 1944-45

YOUNGER READERS

Animal Stories. By Georges Duplaix, with pictures by Feodor Rojankovsky. Simon and Schuster, N. Y., 1944. \$1.50.

Baby Bears. Translated from the Russian of E. Charushin by Marguerita Rudolph, illustrations by George Korff. The Macmillan Company, N. Y., 1944. \$1.

A Good Man And His Good Wife. Story by Ruth Krauss, pictures by Ad Reinhardt. Harper and Brothers, N. Y., 1944. \$1.50.

The Horse Who Lived Upstairs. By Phyllis McGinley, illustrated by Helen Stone. J. B. Lippincott Company, 1944. \$1.25.

In The Forest. Story and pictures by Marie Hall Ets. The Viking Press, N. Y., 1944. \$1.

Magic Michael. By Louis Slobodkin. The Macmillan Company, N. Y., 1944. \$1.50.

Red Light, Green Light. Written by Golden MacDonald, illustrated by Leonard Weisgard. Junior Books, Doubleday, Doran & Co., Garden City, N. Y., 1944. \$2.

This Is The Milk That Jack Drank. Adapted from Mother Goose by William R. Scott, illustrated with paintings by Charles G. Shaw. Young Scott Books, Wm. R. Scott, Inc., N. Y., 1944. \$1.25.

OLDER READERS

The Hundred Dresses. By Eleanor Estes, illustrated by Louis Slobodkin. Harcourt, Brace and Company, N. Y., 1944. \$2.50.

Rabbit Hill. By Robert Lawson. The Viking Press, N. Y., 1944. \$2.
A Ring And A Riddle. By M. Ilin and E. Segal, translated by Beatrice Kinkead, illustrated by Vera Bock. J. P. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia, 1944. \$2.

INFORMATIVE

Fun With Chemistry. By Mae and Ira Freeman. Random House, N. Y., 1944. \$1.25.

They Put Out to Sea. The story of the map, written and illustrated by Roger Duvoisin. Alfred A. Knopf, N. Y., 1944. \$2.50.

Travelers All, The Story Of How Plants Go Places. Written and drawn by Irma E. Webber. William R. Scott, Inc., N. Y., 1944. \$1.25.

TRADITIONAL

The Adventures Of Baron Munchausen. 160 illustrations by Gustav Doré. Pantheon Books, Inc., N. Y., 1944. \$3.75.

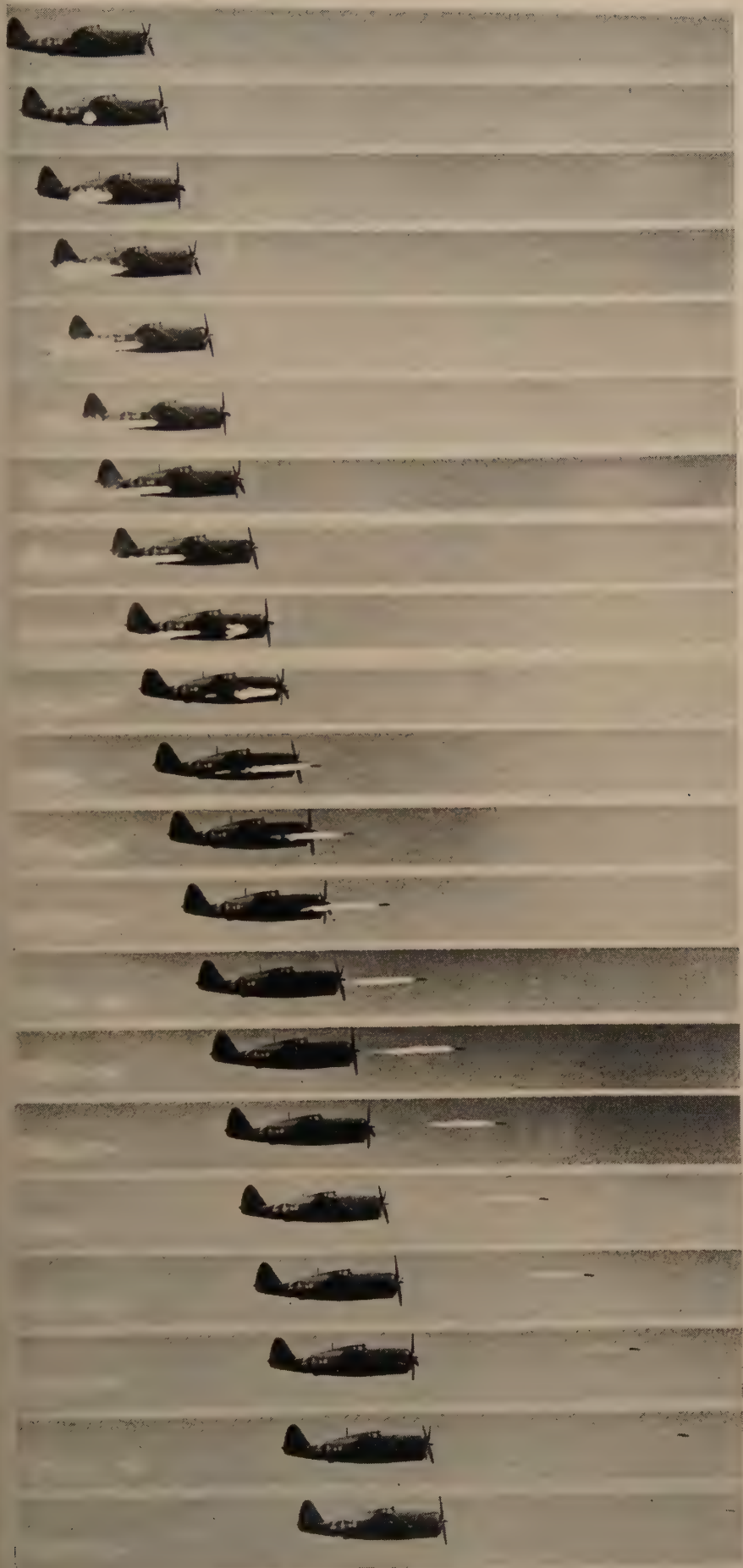
The Adventures Of Monkey. Adapted from the translation made from the Chinese of Wu Ch'eng-en by Arthur Waley, illustrated by Kurt Wiese. John Day Company, N. Y., 1944. \$1.75.

A Child's Garden of Verses. By Robert Louis Stevenson, introduction by William Rose Benet, illustrations by Roger Duvoisin. The Heritage Press, 1944. \$3.

No Room. An old story retold by Rose Dobbs, illustrated by Frieda Eichenberg. Coward-McCann, Inc., N. Y., 1944. \$1.50.

The Tall Book Of Nursery Tales. Pictures by Feodor Rojankovsky. Artists and Writers Guild, Inc., Harper and Brothers, distributors, N. Y., 1944. \$1.

The Wind In The Willows. By Kenneth Grahame, illustrations by Arthur Rackham, introduction by A. A. Milne. The Heritage Press, N. Y., 1944. \$3.



Succession pictures taken by a "ribbon frame" camera, showing a wing rocket getting under way and speeding toward the enemy at about 13 miles a minute. This camera was developed by Bell Telephone Laboratories.

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LETTER FROM PARIS

By RENÉ HUYGHE

I WRITE to you from Paris, my American friends, about Paris and on the art of Paris. Indeed, I experience a singular joy in the thought that these sheets are not an article which has to go to the printer's but a letter, a real letter, which I shall soon mail and which is going to friends separated from me during the period of silence by an Atlantic which had never seemed so broad, so impassable—a limitless sea on which no ship would ever set forth or appear again.

Stilling our voices and burdening our hearts, certain men spoke about us in the name of France, and we were fearful lest you mistake their voices for ours. But we had our spokesmen among you. I have in mind one of the finest and truest, Henri Focillon, whom I should like to mention devoutly at the beginning of this report. For, if before the war it had been a comfort to us, young critics and historians of French art, to discover our aspirations already formulated in his original thinking, we have since learned that there is something even more touching than finding the echo of our ideas, and that is finding the echo of our hearts and our souls. Henceforth we shall know that I am still somewhat free who can hear, somewhere in the world, a man proclaim his faith in freedom and in France. This voice is now silent, to which we listened over our secret and muffled radio, huddled about it in defeat as about a warm fire when the weather is cold and dismal—this voice, I repeat, still lives in us. It strengthened our belief that a man is beaten only when he admits defeat, and that a country does not in a generation abdicate the heritage of twelve centuries of civilization and culture. Today we are free; no longer are we forced to listen silently and in secret, and these sheets of paper, on which my pen runs, will leave for New York tomorrow.

Next time we shall speak of the artistic Paris of today, of its renaissance, its exhibitions, of the new tendencies appearing. But the Paris of the occupation is still too fresh in our minds, like the welt of the binding chain in the flesh of the newly freed prisoner. Strange Paris, where two incompatible races moved side by side and rubbed elbows on the sidewalks although invisible to each other. There was the green-uniformed race at which indifferent eyes gazed as one might gaze at empty space, against whom doors were banged in department stores and subway entrances, who were neither seen nor heard and who were exasperated, for they did see us and our faraway looks.

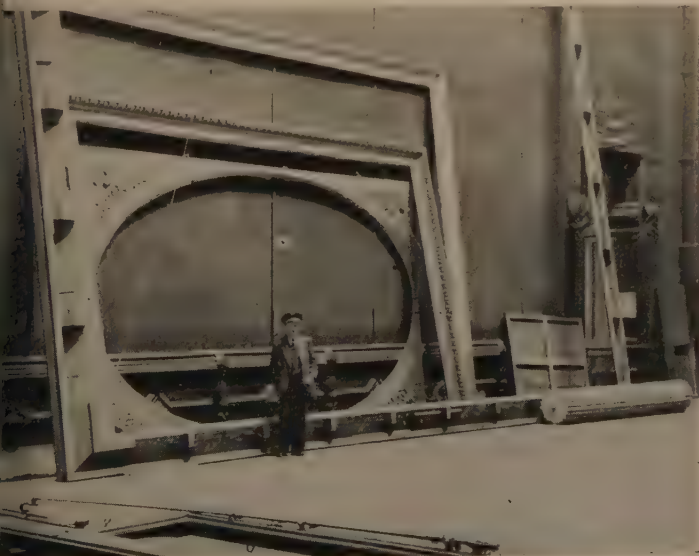
But at times they too encountered a void. Of artistic Paris the booted gang found nothing but monuments, at which they stared vacantly from their autos, making guttural comments like commands. Gone were the museums; everything had disappeared, been evacuated, placed in safe-keeping. Gone were the great exhibitions; they brought theirs along with them and offered us the bombastic and vulgar forms of Arno Breker. Without emotion the "doryphores" (thus they were called by the name of that insect which ravages and devours the fields which it invades) clattered through the deserted galleries of the Louvre, gazed at the staircase where the *Victory of Samothrace* had stood, at the pedestals which had supported the statues, at this building which is so intimately linked with the past. Finally, they would collect in satisfaction before the plaster copy of the *Venus de Milo* which had replaced the vanished original—for they were quite at home with "ersatz." Entrance to the empty galleries, however, with their empty picture frames, was forbidden them. A long time before, at

the very outset of the war, thousands of cases, carefully packed, were sent by truck convoys to the country, to scattered and trustworthy *chateaux*. It was not only the Louvre which acquired these cautious hiding places, but all the provincial museums as well. More than seventy depositories were thus set up in France, the number varying as the dangers indicated—twenty storehouses of which not one was damaged, nor was one of the works stored in them either destroyed, damaged or stolen. This can now be told to those who are anxious about the fate of our works of art: all the collections of France's museums are intact. In their cases they wisely await the brighter day when they may once again be returned to their accustomed places.

Our present disappointed tourists in khaki can admire neither the *Mona Lisa* nor the *Marriage of Cana*, which remain somewhere in the southwest of France. They cannot even view the empty walls on which they once were hung. The absence of eating in Paris, either public or private, and despite the rigors of winter, has compelled the complete shutdown of places which until now had remained open part time. Wrapped in his overcoat and muffler, the lonely curator shivers in his office, while on days of thaw, tirelessly and pitilessly, water drips mournfully from the ceiling onto the papers of his desk. That is Paris of the Liberation: joyful in its deliverance, joyous and wretched. I was to speak of art, and here is perhaps the supreme art of free Paris: elegance and suffering. Many of our friends have been taken in by it. They do not know Paris. They were amazed, after four years of occupation, to find a proud and intact capital whose wounds of combat were soon dressed. What remains of the victorious insurrection of the F.F.I. against the German garrison? A few overthrown columns already shored up, at the Place de la Concorde, at the Sorbonne, a few white shell holes in grey stone, bullet scars and scratches on some façades and, here and there, at a street corner, near a door, fresh flowers, bouquets set upon the sidewalk and reverently cared for, at the spot where a Parisian combatant died.

Our friends have wondered at so much elegance lavished on appearances, at the attire of women who have turned their

empty picture frames in the Louvre: "All the collections of France's museums are intact. In their cases they wisely await the brighter day when they may once again be returned to their accustomed places."



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thick wooden soles, clicking gaily on the pavement, into unimagined pedestals for their charm; at displays lovingly cared for, where objects are arranged in exquisite color and form patterns, but where the unobtrusive label "artificial," indispensable in a corner, is the pin which pricks the bubble of illusion; at clothing where the trouser crease is impeccable and distracts attention from the fraying ends. They have been astonished by it, at times shocked, the more superficial ones believing in a prosperity which is in reality nothing more than the mask put on to hide distress; the more serious ones ensuring a frivolousness which is a studied smile to hide the wrinkles etched on a face.

Why did they not guess that this was their first contact with art, with the art of Paris! For Paris has no more relinquished its art than its independence. Paris maintains the one against privation as it maintained the other against oppression. And in this distinction Paris expresses not its weakness, but precisely its strength. For the man who performs only the useful and the necessary is only the worker and jobbed of his life; he is the slave of life, not its artist. We are not the masters of our fate unless, having satisfied all its demands and endured all its struggles, we force it to be beautiful when it would be ugly, and oblige it, by an exercise of the will, to be a reflection of our thoughts and not merely of our necessities.

Here elegance begins, and I mean moral elegance; here art unfolds, and I mean the art of living; and it is of that basic lesson in art, and only of that one, the most beautiful, that I wanted to talk at this time.

AFA MEMBERS' BUSINESS MEETING

The annual Members' Business Meeting of The American Federation of Arts will be held at its New York City offices, located at 22 East 60th Street, on Friday morning, May 25, 1945, at 11:00 o'clock.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

SIR:

John Rewald's comments on the Hyperion Press publications and Aimée Crane, their editor, were long overdue but nonetheless welcome. I am certain that there are many dealers, critics and others who long have had the same opinions as he expressed but for reasons of professional delicacy hesitated to publish them. Such hesitation serves no good purpose and your courage, if courage was required, is to be applauded.

While I have long known of the inferior quality of the Hyperion publications, only a recent personal experience with Miss Aimée Crane explained those inferior results in terms of her own ignorance and purely commercial approach. While attempting to borrow some of my pictures for a proposed book on Rouault, she convinced me not only that she has no real knowledge or interest in Rouault, but that her sole object is to get out a book—any book—which would sell. In addition, she sought to attain her object in as rude and discourteous a manner as possible. The details of my experience with Miss Crane are available if you should want them.

In the meantime, my compliments to you once more for your real service to art lovers.

—RALPH F. COLIN,
New York City.

R:
I have read with a great deal of interest and a sense of real pleasure, John Rewald's well balanced and straight forward criticism of the current spate of art books patched up from easily available plates.

It was high time that someone took the bit in his teeth and gave these productions the going over that they deserve. It is sheer impudence to say that the public taste will be improved by such carelessly produced stuff, and Mr. Rewald's point that good books can be made for the same money is well taken and should be underlined.

There is too much slipshod comment passing as criticism today, and I am pleased to find your magazine still leading the way out of the mire of self-satisfaction.

—E. R. HUNTER.

Director, The Norton Gallery
and School of Art.
West Palm Beach, Florida.

R:
I wish to congratulate the MAGAZINE OF ART for its coverage in printing the article reviewing new books, which appeared on page 114 in the March issue.

It is about time something was done to eliminate the slipshod art publications and the equally slipshod book reviews.

—CARMINE DALESIO.

Babcock Galleries, New York City.

R:
I have read Mr. John Rewald's review of the Hyperion Press and Crown Publishing Company recent publications which appeared in the March issue of your MAGAZINE OF ART. I want to express to you my approval of Mr. Rewald's criticism and my admiration for his courage in writing the article and your courage in printing it.

That these publications are carelessly done and that Mr. Rewald is amply justified in his criticism is demonstrated by the following state of facts:

Since June, 1944, I have been the owner of a *Portrait of Madame Cézanne*, which was between 1922 and May, 1944, in the Bliss—Museum of Modern Art Collection. Few pictures have been more publicized than this Cézanne. It is reproduced in literally dozens of well-known art publications, including Meier-Graefe, Elie Faure, and the publications of the Museum of Modern Art. Up to that time, the provenance of the picture was clear and undefiled. (See Venturi's *Cézanne*, No. 526.) Since then, the Crown Publishing Company and the Hyperion Press—apparently one and the same—have reproduced this portrait three times in three separate publications. The reproduction in each case is a travesty of and a libel on this Cézanne.

In 1942-43, a book with the title, *Contemporary Art*, by Rosamund Frost, was published by Crown Publishing Company and this portrait is reproduced (plate facing page 40) with the legend: "Collection of Walter P. Chrysler". This Cézanne was never in the Chrysler collection. It was in the Bliss Collection of the Museum of Modern Art, which disposed of it at a public sale in May, 1944. Mr. Sam Salz, an art dealer, was the purchaser and within a month thereafter he passed it on to me.

Subsequent to the appearance of Crown's *Contemporary Art*—on September 18, 1943—the Museum of Modern Art, in granting permission to reproduce this portrait in Hyperion's forthcoming *French Impressionists*, concluded its written communication as follows:

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of the Museum of Modern Art, New York. Lillie P. Bliss Collection. The canvas measures 18 x 15 inches and was painted about 1885-87."

In September, 1944, one year after the letter of the Museum above-mentioned was written, the Hyperion Press published their *French Impressionists*, referred to in Mr. Rewald's article, and this portrait is reproduced on page 126 with the following legend:

Paul Cézanne

Portrait of Mme. Cézanne

1872-7

Oil 22½ x 18½

Collection of

Walter P. Chrysler, Jr.

New York

This portrait was not painted between the years 1872 and 1877, but ten years later, and its dimensions are quite different and, once more, it was never owned by Mr. Chrysler.

After the *French Impressionists* made its appearance, a letter was written to Hyperion Press by Mr. Sam Salz, calling their attention to the fact that the legend on the picture was all wrong, telling them exactly when the portrait was painted and its correct dimensions and concluding with the words: "This correction will have to be made and you will have to write to Mr. Stern at the above address (444 East 52nd Street, New York City) to obtain his permission for the painting to be reproduced."

In December, 1944, Hyperion published its book entitled *Cézanne*, by Edward Alden Jewell and, once again, this portrait is reproduced, on page 23. In this instance, no permission was obtained from me, the owner, or from any of the preceding owners for the right to reproduce the portrait in their book on Cézanne. This time, while giving the correct dimensions and the proper period when the picture was painted, the words "Collection of Sam Salz" were added. This in the face of the written notification that Hyperion received telling them I was the owner of the portrait.

Perhaps "there ought to be a law" against the publication and distribution of such shoddy books. In the meantime, it might be helpful if these publishers and their researchers devoted their joint talents to directions other than that of producing art books.

—LOUIS E. STERN,
New York City.

SIR:

It was with great interest that I picked up Gladys Delmas's article "French Art During the Occupation"; and it was with great disappointment and chagrin that I put it down.

I have just recently returned to the United States after two and a half years of overseas service in the European Theater of Operations. The last few months of my stay in Italy brought me into contact with many Italian artists who lived in Rome. I was excited by their enthusiasm, and their tremendous punch in hitting out at the Fascists—through organizational resistance and through their paintings. In this regard I was impatient to know what the great artists of France had been doing during the years of repression, and what sort of work they had produced in these past four years. At this point I picked up Mrs. Delmas' article.

The time is too late, much too late, to sit on a fence and "continue more or less serenely along . . . chosen paths. . . ." There has been too much blood put into the production of these paintings to have them "not necessarily be an immediate reaction to the troubles of the times. . . ." To me, and I am sure to artists in all countries who lived normal lives, without violence or hate up until the Fascist deluge, then to be involved

total Fascist war, these statements are strange commentary indeed! If we are to have a valid art, now or in the future, we cannot see how men of great intellectual and emotional power could be so hard, so obtuse, so unfeeling, so out of touch with the tremendous historical upsurge which has flooded the world as we knew it. These men cannot be artists. They must be old people with the arteries of their hearts contracted and pumped dry—the pulses of their brains stuffed with lyrical images without beginning or end. A friend of mine, lying in the next foxhole, once said, "an artist, it seems to me, should be a guy who is big enough to be able to cry. . . ."

Please don't think that I have been shot through with venom in my experience. Or don't be mistaken and think that my artistic orientation is for destruction and murder. Sure, I have changed from what I was before this; how could you possibly be exposed to the terror and the hope of all it is without changing? That's what I ask of these French painters. . . . How could you?

Why is Mrs. Delmas so concerned and frightened by a word that makes her shiver at "propaganda"? Part of this whole war was fought with propaganda. When it was on my side it was good. When it was on the enemy's side it was bad. That's the way the values were determined. But propaganda means more than mere commercial pamphleteering or politicalizing.

I saw an exhibition in Rome of 15th and 16th-century paintings. What a host of "propaganda" that was. A most wonderful host of it. All the Madonnas, all the titled nobility, all the crucified Christs. Just subject matter, you say? Well, I believe that it was "just subject matter" that gave the entire thing a feeling of veracity and integration to the works. It set them in their historically correct position. It made form flow from function, instead of reversing the process.

Is it not interesting that the greatest of the French painters would also be the bravest, the most "political", the most sensitive to the people and the resistance movement? Yes, I mean Picasso. I have not seen any but a few reproductions of his works. The things he did while the Germans were in Paris. Picasso did not seem to be frightened of "propaganda"; he was not frightened or disgusted by politics. He examined all the various life impulses around him, he sorted them out, he produced, and he grew.

Mrs. Delmas is concerned with the death of Soutine, and rightly so. She is concerned with the "vexations" of the painters who could not exhibit during this period, and she is right to be so concerned. But not once was she concerned over the fact that Derain was a Fascist collaborationist. Or that Vlaminck denounced Picasso as a "Jewish degenerate." Mrs. Delmas, in her fear of propaganda and politics, has been most culpable in overlooking these facts. Though they are, I admit, both politics and propaganda, they are facts of decided interest to those of us who fought Fascism for any number of years.

No, Mrs. Delmas, let's get things in their proper order. This war will run all the way down the line. There is only one possible way to fight Fascists. There is only one way of getting a renewal of the cultural values which Fascism has damaged. That's done by fighting all the way. Not by sitting it out at "Nice or in Villa at Venice." Only one way, Mrs. Delmas, as Picasso said: "During the oppression and the insurrection I felt . . . that I had to fight not only with my painting, but with my whole being."

—CPL. MILTON J. WYNNE,
New York City.

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A noted mural painter, his recent years have been devoted to Landscape painting in Vermont, where he conducts summer classes and the balance of the year as head of the Fine Arts Department, School of Industrial Arts, Trenton, New Jersey.

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NEW BOOKS

American Romantic Painting. By Edgar P. Richardson. Edited by Robert Freund. E. Weyhe, New York, 1944. 50 pp. 236 illustrations. \$10.

THE meaning of "romantic" has noticeably changed within the past ten years, changed for the better, and changed because of the solid reasons put forward by critical minds working on tangible evidence. The share of the art historians in bringing about this revised state of opinion has been remarkable. If, except a few cases of persistent blindness, like the exhibition "Romanticism in America" at the Baltimore Museum in 1939, it is to the students of the plastic arts that we owe our most intelligent accounts of the work done by the 1830 generation. The students of music and literature, of philosophy and historiography, are only beginning to catch up, at least so far as general views to correct our conventional mistakes are concerned.

This fact is very forcibly brought home to the reader when he takes up Mr. Richardson's excellent volume entitled "American Romantic Painting". The handsome quarto presents in black and white reproduction the work of some 90 American artists spanning the century 1788-1888. It supplies brief biographical and critical information concerning each man and each work, and it offers in an admirable introductory essay those generalities which the amateur as well as the professional onlooker needs to guide his perceptions and form his judgments.

Mr. Richardson, whose directing ability has helped make the Detroit Institute of Arts one of the best and most historically conceived collections in the country, takes the view that Romanticism was a period of great achievement by men whose imagination was used, not in the elaboration of daydreams, but in the discovery of reality. Reality must here be taken in an inclusive sense and not in the narrow one of the Usual and the Commonplace. Romantic reality recognizes that what is strange may be as genuine as what is familiar, and that a subjective impression may be as real as a hackneyed fact. Hence the variety of subject matter and style in the romantic period, and the consequent difficulty of classification and labeling.

The Americans' share in the romantic movement Mr. Richardson rightly sees as quite independent of European models and as molded rather by the unique experience of a half-explored continent. The critic distinguishes various impulses within the more general one of an unaffected primitivism, and he is astute in noting the influence upon particular artists.

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temporary events or personal accident. As he wisely says, there are no 'periods' except in books. There are only people as individuals or in groups go on their way through life. The romantic period of painting is the sum of the lives of men who were not conscious of living in a 'period' for they were bound together only by intangible bonds of thought and outlook. Each man, each picture, was an individual and the whole atmosphere of life in the romantic period changed from year to year, and from city to city, as it does today."

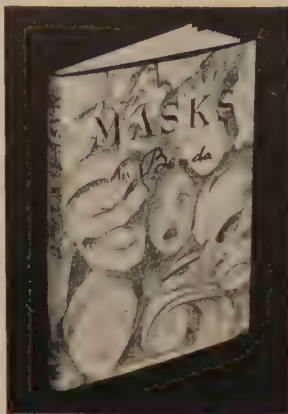
Among these individuals, Mr. Richardson seems to be especially attracted by Washington Allston—a great artist only emerging from partial obscurity—and this marked interdependence lends color to the gratifying rumor that Mr. Richardson is now working on a full-length treatment of the man. In the long run, we shall properly value romanticism only through a clear knowledge of its chief performers, and in this group of nearly a hundred painters, Allston undoubtedly stands out as possessing the strongest individuality, the most character per square inch of canvas. I am of course excluding from the comparison portraitists such as Rembrandt Peale and William Page, whose length is often visibly derived from their subjects, as has been opened to even greater masters than they.

There remains the question, When does Romanticism end? Mr. Richardson suggests that the Philadelphia Centennial of 1876 makes a good stopping point, and he offers persuasive reasons, such as the dwindling of venturesome exploration and dissemination in one way or another of what might be called romantic pictorial clichés.

I thoroughly agree with him that Romanticism, like every artistic movement, died because its cheap imitations finally jettisoned out the original view of man and nature on which it was built. But the difficulty persists of explaining how romanticism is still with us. If we look in Mr. Richardson's book at the still life *After a Night's Study* by William Harnett, which was dated 1888, we are struck not merely by echoes of Romanticism, but by sensations of Realism and premonitions of Surrealism. This sense of clear confusion was what aroused so much controversy—some of it in these very pages—when a year or so ago the Museum of Modern Art included in its vast "romantic" exhibition the work of contemporary artists.

In the debate between Mr. Soby and Mr. Richardson to which I allude, I find that each holds, perhaps too exclusively, to a portion of the truth, and neither pushes his analysis far enough. Mr. Richardson thinks "Romantic" should be used, like *roque*, to denote a period in time. Very sound—particularly if we say *Romanticist* and use a capital "R". Mr. Soby thinks the romantic attitude is not limited in time but is a perennial opposite of "Classic", or even better, "Neo-classic". True again, but we must go on to a third point and ask, What subsidiary forms did Romanticism give rise to in its 19th century incarnation? The answer supplies such terms as Realism, Impressionism, Surrealism, and a few others—most of them derived from the parent Romanticism, with admixtures of its opposites and complementaries. Beyond this we need not go, except to describe self-designated "schools" or particular men

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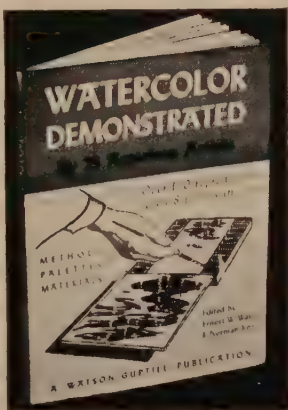
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and works. For we must not expect mathematical logic in historical and critical thought, nor forget that labels are a mere shorthand for raising in us images of known objects. A book like Mr. Richardson's gives us both words and things in such a nearly perfect balance that it serves as an excellent reminder of the right way; and for that we must thank him without reserve.

—JACQUES BARZUN

New Architecture and City Planning. A Symposium edited by Paul Zucker. Philosophical Library, New York, 1949. 694 pp., illustrated. \$10.00.

THIS uneven collection of 56 articles is hardly a symposium for there is no evidence of agreement on definitions, terms or concepts, and the individual contributors are at variance as to what should be done with architecture and planning and how it should be done. For so ambitious a work, this is a very serious defect, and has resulted in a weak and ineffectual presentation of what should be (and easily could have been) a powerfully united case. The area covered by the book is as wide as the combined fields of architecture, housing and planning—which is to say very wide indeed, including the various building types; materials and techniques of construction; technical education; problems of style and the relation of architecture to other arts; much fundamental material drawn from sociology, economics, politics, public health and other sciences; and a series of miscellaneous topics ranging from Charles Abrams' review of real estate trends to a brief uncritical sketch of the national planning system.

The resulting *mélange*—as a book—is unreadable, although parts of it are individually good, and the book as a whole should be a useful reference in a library dealing with these subjects. Even with this limited objective, however, hardly a single subject is given really definitive treatment, and the whole character of the book resembles a series of amateur essays rather than substantial scholarship.

The best individual section of the book deals with new materials and new construction methods. Most of the essays in this section are authoritative; the authors stand upon a common footing of science and technology; their interests do not seriously overlap. Here are collected most of the important developments in these fields, and together their impact upon architecture seems more irresistible than the more significant but fuzzier ideas expressed elsewhere in this volume.

As for the rest of the book, criticism must be limited to individual articles. They range from an incredibly flimsy piece on the design of ocean liners by Vladimir Yourkevitch to some reflections by José Luis Sert on "Human Scale in City Planning" which I find crisper and more illuminating than anything else this gifted architect has written. Sergei Chermayeff discusses apartment house design—a curiously neglected topic in our architectural literature—with smooth competence. Henry Churchill disposes of the entire war housing program in three pages. I find William R. Valentiner's treatment of "The Museum of Tomorrow" exceptionally interesting, if a trifle negligent on the scientific side. And so it goes. You can have a good time browsing here, but don't expect too much for your money.

—F. G.

MAILLOL

(Continued from page 167)

We soon had our lunch on the terrace, in the warm spring sun. We drank to our happy return and promised that our first gift should be to Maillol. "I hope you will soon come back," he said, "but, who knows, maybe I shall join you some day in the United States." And then we drank to *The Rose*. Later, Maillol told us of the summer of 1940, which he had spent entirely at the farm, not being able to go to Marly, near Paris, where he had been accustomed to for many years. He had therefore lived quite alone in this house, since his wife had refused to join him there. Dina used to come from Banyuls every morning on foot, bringing provisions, and would leave around five o'clock in the afternoon, after having prepared soup for the dinner. When it rained and she could not come, Maillol cooked his own frugal meals, and spent his time reading the collected works of Aristophanes, some of Shakespeare's plays, and anthologies of verse.

Later, while Dina and Estelle washed the dishes, Maillol again went to fetch water from the brook, this time for four small fig cuttings which he had just planted, according to an old custom of the land, on Ash Wednesday. With boundless tenderness he bent over these shoots to see if they had taken root properly. What a curious sight it was to observe this old man tending young plants whose fruit he would no doubt never see. But the idea of a restricted future did not appear even to ruffle him: in everything he did, everything he thought, everything he said, there was not the least reservation in that regard, and he spoke of the years to come like a person certain of seeing them. Never did this octogenarian make any allusion to death; quite the contrary, he possessed every kind of hope and he behaved as if he were still at the dawn of life. This permitted him to live and to create without fearing the morrow's fatalities and to devote all his powers calmly to his work, without haste and without giving heed to the final call. With the same patience and tenderness with which he watched these cuttings he attended to his work, and when we left him on that evening we knew that the years to come would all be alike to him, devoted to his art in this savage country of vineyards where he had spent eighty years in unison with the trees, the mountains, and the sea.

Dina had promised to write and to give us a minute account of the progress of *The Rose*, but we never heard from her. Nor did we hear from Maillol until, shortly after the liberation of France, his death was reported. We shall not see him again; on our return to France we will find, at Banyuls, only an empty studio to remind us of the hours we passed there in the company of a great old man.



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MAY AND JUNE EXHIBITIONS IN AMERICA

All information is supplied by exhibitors in response to mailed questionnaires. Dates are closing dates unless otherwise specified.

ALBANY, N. Y. *Institute of History and Art*. May 20: Dorothy P. Lathrop, June 3: 10th Regional Show, Artists of the Upper Hudson.

ANDOVER, MASS. *Addison Gallery*. June 1: Power in the Pacific, Student Exhib.

APPLETON, WIS. *Lawrence College Art Gallery*. June 6: What is Modern Painting? June 6-July 1: Student Exhibition.

ATHENS, O. *Ohio University Gallery*. May: Delta Phi Delta, June: Faculty Exhibition.

AURORA, ILL. *American Assoc. of University Women*. May 27: Painting in the U. S., 1944 (AFA).

BALTIMORE, MD. *Museum of Art*. May: 3rd Service Command Exhib.; 200 Years of Painting in Maryland.

BETHLEHEM, PA. *Lehigh University Art Gallery*. June 18: Lehigh Art Alliance Oil Show.

BINGHAMTON, N. Y. *Public Library Museum*. May: Paintings by Daughters of Famous Artists, June: Aulus Saunders, watercolors.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA. *Public Library Art Gallery*. May: Art Club Jury Show, June: Antiques Exhib.

BLOOMINGTON, ILL. *Illinois Wesleyan University*. May 13: What is Modern Painting?

BLOOMINGTON, IND. *Indiana University*. June 1: New American Architecture: Art Assoc. Annual Exhib. June 1-July 1: Permanent Collection.

BOSTON, MASS. *Guild of Boston Artists*. 162 Newbury St. June 30: Members Spring Exhib.

Institute of Modern Art. 138 Newbury St. June 5-July 29: European and American Watercolors.

Museum of Fine Arts, School. May 31: Max Weber, *Public Library Print Dept.* May: Auguste Brouet, prints, June: American Drawings.

BUFFALO, N. Y. *Albright Art Gallery*. May 23: Print Club, May 27-June 24: Buffalo Society of Artists, figure paintings, June 6-July 1: Art School Student's Show, June 27-July 25: Patteran Show, oils, watercolors, sculpture.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS. *Fogg Museum*. May 31: Late 19th c. French Drawings, June 16: Fogg Museum 1909-1944, July 1: 18th c. Venetian Etchers, Sept. 15: 18th and 19th c. British Art, June 20-Sept. 15: English Romanticism in Graphic Art.

CANTON, N. Y. *St. Lawrence University*. May 22: War Art by Life Magazine Artists (AFA).

CARTHAGE, ILL. *Carthage College*. May 20: Finnish Textiles by Marianne Strengell Dusenbury (AFA).

CHARLOTTE, N. C. *Mint Museum*. May 31: Spring Jury Exhib. June: Photo Show: North and South Carolina.

CHICAGO, ILL. *Art Institute*. May 20: Palette and Chisel Academy of Fine Arts, 50th Anniv. Exhib. Oct. 1: Still Life Comes to Life.

Chicago Galleries Assoc., 215 N. Michigan Av. May: Mattie Lietz, Esther Richardson, paintings, June: Assoc. Artists Group.

Mandel Brothers Gallery. May 26: Skokie Art Guild, May 23-June 16: Men's Sketch Club.

CINCINNATI, O. *Taft Museum*. June 3: Enamels Old and New, June 8-Sept.: Interiors, Early Ohio Valley Architecture.

CLAREMONT, CALIF. *Pomona College Gallery*. June 1: Natl. Serigraph Soc. Exhib.

CLEARWATER, FLA. *Art Museum*. May 31: Selections for Circuit.

CLEVELAND, O. *Museum of Art*. June 10: "May Show", 27th Ann. Exhib. Cleveland Artists and Craftsmen.

Ten Thirty Gallery, 1030 Euclid Av. May 19: Pvt. Martin Linsey, watercolors, May 21-June 2: John Oppen, watercolors; Introduction to Modern Painting, June 1-15: What is Modern Architecture? June 11-25: 20 Lithographs.

COLUMBUS, O. *Gallery of Fine Arts*. May 21-31: 35th Ann. Exhib., Artists of Columbus and Central Ohio.

CONCORD, N. H. *State Library*. May: Mrs. Foster Stearns, needlework designs, June: Drawings from Fogg Museum.

CORTLAND, N. Y. *Free Library*. May: Plastic Club Rotary Exhib. June: Lillia M. Olcott, watercolors.

COSHOCOTON, O. *Johnson-Humrickhouse Museum*. May 27: High School Art Classes Exhib. June 3-24: Artists League Exhib.

DALLAS, TEX. *Museum of Fine Arts*. May 30: High School Exhib.; Reid Crowell, May 20-July 15: Recent Acquisitions, June 3-28: Printmakers Guild, June 3-July 17: Museum Classes Exhib.

DAYTON, O. *Art Institute*. May 29: Ohio Artists; Faculty and Alumni Work, June: Intl. Watercolor Show; Student Work.

DECATUR, ILL. *Art Institute*. May 31: 50 Artists and Walkowitz (AFA).

DELAWARE, O. *Ohio Wesleyan University*. May: Hobby Painters Show, June: Ann. Students Exhib.

DENVER, COL. *Art Museum*. May 18-June 28: Textiles, 5th c. B.C. to 20th c. A.D. May 31: Carter Memorial Contest Winners, June: Albert Bancroft.

DETROIT, MICH. *Institute of Arts*. May 31: Portrait of America, June: Polish Art, June 7-24: Grosse Pointe Annual Exhib.

DURHAM, N. C. *Duke University*. May 15: Durham Artists.

ELGIN, ILL. *Academy Art Gallery*. May 20: Elgin Children's Art.

ELMIRA, N. Y. *Arnot Art Gallery*. May: Watercolors from Weyhe Gallery, June: Louis Bosa.

FORT WAYNE, IND. *Art Museum*. May: Students Exhib.

GREEN BAY, WIS. *Neville Public Museum*. May: Green Bay Art Colony Pntg. Exhib.

GREENSBORO, N. C. *Women's College of the University of North Carolina*. June 20: Annual Students Exhib.

HONOLULU, HAWAII. *Academy of Arts*. May 27: Annual School Art Exhib. University of Hawaii Art Classes Exhib. June 4-July 29: Architecture in Hawaii, Past and Present.

HOUSTON, TEX. *Museum of Fine Arts*. May 27: Public Schools and Museum Classes Exhib. June 3-August 28: Summer Exhib.; Permanent Collection.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND. *Art Association*. June 3: 38th Ann. Indiana Artists Exhib.

JACKSONVILLE, FLA. *Women's Club*. May: Student Art Work from Duval Co. School

KALAMAZOO, MICH. *Institute of Arts*. May 26: City School Art Exhib. Ward Platt, watercolors.

KANSAS CITY, MO. *Wm. Rockhill Nelson Gallery*. May 30: Pntgs. by Merchant Seamen (AFA); School Arts; Ben Messick, drawings and lithos, June: Contemporary Russian Pntg.

KINGSTON, R. I. *State College*. June 5: Art Laboratories Exhib. June 5-19: Abstract Painting.

LAWRENCE, KAN. *Thayer Museum*. May 31: Chinese Children Picture the War: French Costume Prints.

LOS ANGELES, CALIF. *Dalsell Hatfield Galleries*. May: Jean de Botton, June: Rénior Cézanne, Rouault, *Fisher Galleries, Univ. of Southern California*. Indef.: Hudson River School.

County Museum, Exposition Park. May 30: A. S. Weiner, pntgs. June 10: 6th Ann. Local Artists Exhib. June: Hans Burkhardt, pntgs.

Stendahl Galleries. May 26: Lucien Labaudt, May 21-June 2: James Vance, June: Jon Corbino.

LOUISVILLE, KY. *J. B. Speed Memorial Museum*. June 7: Modern Drawings, June 15-July 15: Pntgs. of Merchant Seamen (AFA).

LOWELL, MASS. *Whistler's Birthplace*. June 1: Dorothy Fairbanks, pntgs. June 1-Sept. 1: Society of Illustrators.

LYNCHBURG, VA. *Lynchburg College*. May 26-31: Art Students Work, May 30-June 30: Georgia Morgan, recent pntgs.

MANCHESTER, N. H. *Carrier Gallery*. May: Maria Kostyshak; Grandma Moses, June: Roy Mason, N. A., watercolors; Kenneth Washburn, Martha Soyer, oils: Illuminated Gothic Woodcuts.



MASSILLON, O. *Massillon Museum*. May: Natl. Assoc. Women Artists Traveling Exhib.; Children's Art Classes Show, June: Lt. Geo. G. Weiss, prints, Adult Art Classes Exhib.

MIDDLETOWN, CONN. *Wesleyan University*. Thru June: Etchings by Goya and of the Danube School from the Wesleyan Print Collection.

MILWAUKEE, WIS. *Layton Art Gallery*. May 25-Sept. 1: 25th Annual Exhib. of Students Work.

Art Institute, June 3: 3rd Annual Young People's Art Exhib.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN. *Institute of Arts*. May 20: Chinese Sculpture, *University Gallery*. May 30: Cuban Art Today, *Walker Art Center*. July 1: 2nd Ann. Exhib. of Twin Cities Advertising Agencies.

MONTCLAIR, N. J. *Art Museum*. May 27: Children's Art Classes Exhib.

MUSKOGON, MICH. *Hackley Art Gallery*. May 31: Art in the Public Schools, June: Permanent Collection.

NASHVILLE, TENN. *Museum of Art*. May 31: 28 American Painters of Today (AFA).

NEW HAVEN, CONN. *Yale University Art Gallery*. May 22-indef.: Reopening of the Yale Collection of Italian Pntg.

NEW ORLEANS, LA. *Arts and Crafts Club*. May 30: New Orleans Art: Students Show.

Isaac Delgado Museum. May 27: Jr. Members Exhib., Art Assoc. of New Orleans, June: Camera Club.

NEW YORK, N. Y. *American British Art Center*. 44 West 56, May 26: Local 91 Exhibition, *An American Place*, 509 Madison, June 22: Arthur G. Dove, *Argent Galleries*, 42 W 57, June 25: Natl. Assoc. of Women Artists Summer Exhib., *Assoc. American Artists*, 711 5th Av. May 26: Arnold Blanch.

Avery Library, Columbia University. June 9: Illustrated costume books.

Babcock Galleries, 38 E 57, 19th and 20th c. American Artists.

Bignou Gallery, 32 E 37, Modern French Paintings.

Mortimer Brandt Gallery, 15 E 57, May 26: Stamos, Hedda Sterne, David Hill, and John Graham, pntgs.

Brooklyn Museum. May 20: Maillol, prints, June 10: Navajo Blankets, June 3: Prize Fiddles, May 25-indef.: Contemporary Prints, June 13-indef.: Poole Coll. of American Pewter.

Buchholz Gallery, 32 E 57, May 15-indef.: Maillol Memorial Exhib.

Contemporary Arts, 106 E 57, May 25: Edmund Quinn, May 28-June 29: Spring Group Exhib.

Downtown Gallery, 43 E 51, May 26: Spring Group Show, *Paul Drey Gallery*, 11 E 57, Old Master Paintings.

Durlacher Brothers, 11 E 57, June 1: Tchelitchev, Seimann, Melcarth, Frances, Fett, Stuemphig, Quirt.

Galerie St. Etienne, 46 W 57, May 15: Max Lieberman prints.

Grand Central Art Galleries, 15 Vanderbilt Av. May: Canadian Art.

Grolier Club, 47 E 60, June 1: Latin American Prints Books.

Jacob Hirsch, 30 W 54, Indef.: Classical and Renaissance Art.

International Print Society, 38 W 57, May 26: An American Group, oils.

Kennedy, 785 Fifth Av. June 20: Country Home Decorations.

Kleeman, 65 E 57, May: Paul Gauguin, Woodcuts.

Knoedler, 14 E 57, May 24: Wilma Prezzi, pntgs., Chinese objects.

Kraushaar, 32 E 57, May 12: Charles Locke, pntgs.

Julien Levy, 42 E 57, May: Max Ernst, pntgs. and sculptures.

Lilienfeld, 21 E 57, June 2: Emanuel Romano.

Macheth, 11 E 57, May 12: Molly Luce, pntgs. Herzig.

Maril, gouaches.

Marquie Gallery, 16 W 57, May 31: Murray Hantman pntgs.

Pierre Matisse, 41 E 57, May 26: Yves Tanguy.

Metropolitan Museum of Art, 5th Av. at 82, May: Costumes from the Forbidden City; American Fashion and Fabric; Peasant and Native Costume, Thru June: European Textiles; 16th c. French prints, Architecture of the Andes.

Midtown Galleries, 605 Madison Av. May 19: Doris Rosenthal, May 21-June 15: Midtown Retrospective Exhib., *Morgan Library*, 29 E 36, The Written Word, 2600 B.C. to invention of printing in 15th c.

Morton Galleries, 222 W 59, May 19: Raymond Hill watercolors, May 21-June 26: Clark McDougall, watercolors.

Museum of Costume Art, 18 E 50, Indef.: Hats and Headdresses.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W 53, May 27: Photos, Daguerre to Atget, June 3: Georges Rouault, June 3: Paul Strand, photos, June 24: Robert Edmund Jones, June 20-Sept. 30: First Comprehensive Exhib. of Museum Collection of Painting and Sculpture.

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, 24 E 54: May: Kandinsky Memorial Exhibition.

Natl. Academy of Design Gallery, 1083 5th Av. May: 53rd Ann. Exhib. of Natl. Assoc. of Woman Artists.

New York Historical Society, 170 Central Park West, May 30: Beginnings of the American Circus, June 5-July 1: Recent Accessions.

Newhouse Galleries, 15 E 57, Paintings by old and modern European and American Masters.

Harry Shaw Newman Gallery, 150 Lexington Av. May: American Views in Aquatint.

Nierendorf Gallery, 53 E 57, May: Josef Scharl.

Parke-Bernet Gal., 30 E 57, Auctions of old and modern masters and objects of art.

Passedoit Gallery, 121 E 57, Thru June: Ann. Group Exhib.

Perls Galleries, 32 E 58, May 26: Luis Martinez Pedraza, drawings, May 28-June 30: The Season in Review.

Pinacotheca, 20 W 58, May 19: Raymond O'Neal, May 21-June 2: Molla, watercolors, June 2-21: Group.

Plaza Art Gal., 9 E 59, Daily auctions of pntgs., art objects furniture, etc.

Riverside Museum, 910 Riverside Dr. May 27: Artists League of America.

Rosenberg, 16 E 57, 19th and 20th century French paintings.

Schaeffer Galleries, 61 E 57, Old Masters.

Schneider-Gabriel Galleries, 67 E 57, French and American Paintings.

Schoenemann Galleries, 73 E 57, Paintings for the Dealer and Collector.

Jacques Seligmann, 5 E 57, French 19th c. painting.

E. & A. Silbermann, 32 E 57, Paintings by old and modern masters and early objects of art.

Staten Island Museum, St. George, S. I. May 20-June 3: Beth Creevey Hamm, paintings.

Thannhauser, 165 E 62: French Art of the 19th and 20th c.

Weyhe Gallery, 794 Lexington Av. June 2: Guy Macco, and Bernard Steffen, June-July: Contemporary American Art.

Whitney Museum, 10 W 8, May 16: The Hudson River School, May 19-June 1: Selection from the Permanent Coll.

Wildenstein, 19 E 64, June 16: Lovet-Lorsky, sculpture Michael Werboff, portraits.

Willard Gallery, 32 E 57, May 30: Group Show.

NEWARK, N. J. *Artists of Today Gallery*, 49 New St. May 19: Catherine Lamb, May 21-June 2: Frank Blasi game, June 4: Spring Group Show.

Newark Art Club, 38 Franklin St. May: Photography, June: Newark Art Club Students Work.

Rabin and Krueger Gallery, 95 Halsey St. May: Pntgs. and watercolors by American Artists, June: Younger Artists of New Jersey.

NORMAN, OKLA. *University of Oklahoma*. June 4: The Art of Australia.

OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA. *Municipal Auditorium*. May 31: Midwestern Artists Watercolors: Florence Furst pntgs. Sculpture by Students of Central High School.

OLIVET, MICH. *Olivet College*. May 20: Milton Horne sculpture, May 21-thru summer: Work by Students of Olivet College.

OMAHA, NEB. *Joslyn Memorial*. May: Graphic Arts of Mexico and Argentina, Bessie Lasky, pntgs. June: Francis Sapseak, Art for the Home Front, Isabel Bishop, drawings.

OSHKOSH, WIS. *Public Museum*. May: Belgian Congo in the War, June: Popular Photography, Art of the Orient.

OXFORD, MISS. *Mary Buie Museum*. May 29: Albert Eno, pastels, May 29-June 26: Mrs. John Lehman.

PHILADELPHIA, PA. American Swedish Historical Museum, 19th and Pattison Av. Opening May 19: B. J. O. Nordfeldt, ptngs. Gustaf Tenggren, children's book illustrations.

PENNSYLVANIA ACAD. OF FINE ARTS. May 24-June 10: Students Work. June 12-thru summer: Permanent Collection.

PHILADELPHIA ART ALLIANCE, 251 S 18. May 18: Walter Dorwin Teague, industrial design. June 10: Abbott Coll. Naval Medical Pntgs. June 3: Gropius and Breuer, architecture. May 22-June 15: Russell Wright, industrial design. June 12-Sept. 1: Phila. Watercolor Club. June 18-Sept. 15: Gen. Electric Co., Appearance Design Division.

PHILADELPHIA MUSEUM OF ART. June 15: Wings over the Pacific. Thru Sept.: Architectural Prints; American Paintings, recent accessions.

Philip Ragan Associates. Jury Exhib. of Philadelphia Artists.

PITTSBURGH, PA. Carnegie Institute. May 27: Abbott Coll. Naval Aviation Pntgs. June 1: Thomas Eakins Centennial Exhib. June 3: 18th Ann. Scholastic High School Students Exhib. June 6-July 3: Selected Pittsburgh Artists.

PITTSFIELD, MASS. Berkshire Museum. May 31: Clarence Brodeur; George M. Sutton. June: Walter Stuemgen.

PORTLAND, ORE. Art Museum. May 30: Wortman Bequest, ceramics and textiles; Time Magazine covers. June 2-July 3: Saloon Art from the Pacific Northwest.

SALEIGH, N. C. State Art Soc. May 30: Augusta Rembert. June: Phifer Coll. of Oil Paintings, Russian War Posters.

READING, PA. Public Museum and Art Gallery. May 26: Selected Group of Paintings from the 140th Pennsylvania Acad. Ann. (AFA). June 3-July 1: House of Tanguy Exhibition, by Franz de Merlier.

RICHMOND, IND. Art Association. June 10: Permanent Coll.

RICHMOND, VA. Virginia Museum of Fine Arts. May 30: Wood sculpture.

ROCHESTER, N. Y. Memorial Art Gallery. June 3: Thorne Miniature Rooms; Mural Paintings from the Caves of India; Rochester Finger Lakes Exhib. June 8-July 31: Rochester Camera Club.

Public Library. May 31: Canadian Art (AFA); Canadian Landscape in Silk Screen Prints (AFA).

SACRAMENTO, CALIF. E. B. Crocker Art Gallery. May 31: Sacramento Schools Exhib.; American Watercolor Society. June 1-26: Modern Dutch Art; Brother Cornelius, pastels of the Sierra Nevadas.

ST. PAUL, MINN. Gallery and School of Art. May: Twin City Artists.

SAN ANTONIO, TEX. Witte Memorial Museum. May 31: Students San Antonio Art Institute. June 1-15: Museum Classes for Children.

SAN DIEGO, CALIF. Soc. of Fine Arts Gallery. May: Fran Soldini; Russian Arts; Selected Old Masters. June: Art by Servicemen.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF. Museum of Art. June 10-July 1: What is a Building? (AFA).

SANTA BARBARA, CALIF. Museum of Art. June 1: Calif. Watercolor Soc.; Harold English. June 14 thru July: Thomas Eakins.

SANTA FE, N. M. Museum of New Mexico. May 31: Mel Hagman, Teresa Bakos; Joe Reed, Marcia Bakos. June 1-15: Norman and Caroline Appleton; Paul Rohland. Pierre Menager. June 16-30: Pansy Stockton; Josef Bakos; John Younghunter; Olive Rush.

SCRANTON, PA. Everhart Museum. African Art. June 15: Anthracite Photo Salon. June 15-Sept. 15: Local Artists.

SEATTLE, WASH. Henry Gallery. June 30: University of Washington Student Work.

Art Museum. June 3: New Names in American Art; Belgian Congo Photos; 5th Annual N. W. Watercolor Soc. Exhib. June 15: Wings over Pacific.

SOUTH HADLEY, MASS. Mount Holyoke College. May 21: Anna Hyatt Huntington, animal sculptures in aluminum.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL. State Museum. May 1-25: Group of 11 Artists. June 3-23: Modern Needlework. June 23-thru August: Louis Kaep, watercolors.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS. Geo. Walter Vincent Smith Gal. Museum drawing classes. Students Work.

Museum of Fine Arts. May 25: 5th Ann. Spring Purchase. June: The Layman Learns to Paint.

SPRINGFIELD, MO. Art Museum. May: Hobby Show. June: O'Reilly Genl. Hospital, Occupational Therapy.

STATE COLLEGE, PA. Pennsylvania State College. May 31: Elliot O'Hara, watercolors. June: Models of Historical Buildings from Pa. Art Project.

SWARTHMORE, PA. Swarthmore College. May: Kokoschka. June: Students Show.

SYRACUSE, N. Y. Museum of Fine Arts. May 31: Clearwater Art Assoc.; Syracuse Printmakers; Dauber's Club. June: Students Exhib.

TOLEDO, O. Museum of Art. May 29: 27th Ann. Exhib. Toledo Art Societies; 5th Ann. Photo Salon. June 3-August 26: Contemporary American Artists.

TOPEKA, KAN. Mulvane Art Museum. May 30: Washburn Art Students Annual Exhib.

TULSA, OKLA. Philbrook Art Center. June 4: 5th Ann. Oklahoma Artists. Sgt. Donald L. McLeod.

UNIVERSITY, ALA. University of Alabama. June 3: Student Exhib.

UNIVERSITY, LA. Louisiana State University. May: Student Exhibitions.

URBANA, ILL. University of Illinois. Thru Sept. Student Exhib., art, architecture, landscape architecture.

UTICA, N. Y. Munson-Williams-Proctor Institute. May 27: 20 American Artists; Games and Dances of the Iroquois; Abstract Paintings; A Century of French Graphic Art; Utica Camera Club.

WASHINGTON, D. C. Corcoran Art Gallery. June 3: Abbott Coll. Army Medical Pntgs. May 20-June 10: Latin-American Watercolors.

Whyte Gallery, 1520 Conn. Av. May: Prentiss Taylor, ptngs.

WELLESLEY, MASS. Wellesley College. Thru Summer: Student Work, 1944-45.

WEST PALM BEACH, FLA. Norton Gallery. May 22: Art in Florida Public Schools.

WICHITA, KAN. Art Association. May: British-American Good Will Exhib. June: Decorative Arts of our Allies.

WILLIAMSTOWN, MASS. Lawrence Art Museum. June 22-July 13: 6 Cuban Painters.

WILMINGTON, DEL. Society of Fine Arts. May 27: Art Work by Delaware School Children. June 10-24: Abbott Coll. Naval Aviation Pntgs.

WOODSTOCK, N. Y. Rudolph Galleries. May: Group Show, oils. June: Modern Watercolors.

WORCESTER, MASS. Art Museum. May 20-June 3: Worcester Photo Clan. May 28-July 1: Worcester Art Museum School Exhib.

YOUNGSTOWN, O. Butler Art Institute. June 3: Art Clubs' Spring Salon. Ohio Watercolor Society Show.

ZANESVILLE, O. Art Institute. May 26: Walt Disney Originals. May 31: 4th Ann. May Show of Arts and Crafts. June 9-30: Ohio Watercolor Society, 20th Ann. Circuit Exhib.

COMPETITIONS

ART CONTEST OPEN TO ARMY PERSONNEL IN U. S.

Sponsored by Army Service Forces, Special Services Division. Final exhib. at National Gal. of Art, Washington, D. C., July 4-Aug. 15. Awards. Oil ptngs. and tempera, watercolors and gouache, mural designs, sculpture, renderings, drawings, prints, and photos. Entry blanks and further information from Special Service Officers at Army posts.

SCULPTURE EXHIBITION SPONSORED BY MINNESOTA SCULPTURE GROUP AND WALKER ART CENTER.

July 17-Aug. 15. Work executed in last 5 years. Open to sculptors with past or present residence in Minnesota, North and S. Dakota, Iowa, Wisconsin. No fee. Jury. Prelim., judging from photos June 1. Shipping expenses must be paid by artists. Purchase Prizes. Ribbon Awards. For entry card, write Miss Alice Dwyer, Walker Art Center, 1710 Lyndale Ave. S., Minneapolis 3, Minn.

1945 INTERNATIONAL TEXTILE EXHIBITION:

Woman's College of the University of North Carolina. Nov. 5-30, 1945. Jury. Cash awards. Entry blanks due Sept. 18. Woven and Printed Textiles; yard goods entries only; 6 feet long. For further information address Secretary, International Textile Exhib., Department of Art of the Woman's College of the Univ. of North Carolina, Greensboro, N. C.

AUDUBON ARTISTS 4TH ANN. EXHIB.,

Sept. 25-Oct. 13, 1945, at National Acad. of Design, 1083 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. Open to U. S. artists. Media: Oil, watercolor, pastel, prints and drawings, sculpture, Gold Medal and prizes totaling \$1,000. Fee: \$3. for non-members (\$1.50 returned if entries are rejected). For further information write Michael M. Engel, Chairman, 470 W. 34th St., N. Y. C.

34TH ANN. EXHIB. OF ART ASSOC. OF NEWPORT.

July 2-23. Open to living American artists. Media: Oil, watercolor, pastel, drawing, prints, small sculpture. Jury. Entry cards due June 11. Work due June 18. For further information write Art Assoc. of Newport, 76 Bellevue Avenue, Newport, R. I.



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(Institutional Members in bold face)

MINNESOTA, Minneapolis: Minneapolis Society of Fine Arts, Minneapolis Institute of Arts; University of Minnesota, University Gallery; **Walker Art Center**
Moorhead: Moorhead State Teachers College
Northfield: Carleton College
St. Paul: Hamline University, School of Fine Arts; St. Paul School of Art
Winona: State Teachers College, Fine Arts Department

MISSISSIPPI, Alcorn: Alcorn A. and M. College

MISSOURI, Columbia: University of Missouri, Department of Art
Fulton: William Woods College, The Brushes
Kansas City: Kansas City Art Institute; William Rockhill Nelson Gallery of Art
Kirksville: State Teachers College
Maryville: Northwest Missouri State Teachers College
St. Louis: **City Art Museum**; St. Louis Public Library; Twentieth Century Art Club
Springfield: Drury College, Art Department; Springfield Art Museum

MONTANA, Bozeman: Bozeman Chapter of the A.F.A.
Great Falls: Junior League of Great Falls, Inc.

NEBRASKA, Lincoln: The University of Nebraska, Department of Fine Arts
Omaha: Municipal University of Omaha, Painting, Sculpturing and Architecture Department; **Society of Liberal Arts, Joslyn Memorial**

NEW HAMPSHIRE, Concord: New Hampshire State Library
Durham: University of New Hampshire, Hamilton Smith Library
Hanover: Dartmouth College, Department of Art and Archaeology
Manchester: **Currier Gallery of Art**

NEW JERSEY, Lawrenceville: The Lawrenceville School
Montclair: Montclair Art Association, Montclair Art Museum
Newark: The Newark Art Club; **Newark Museum Association**; Newark Public Library
Princeton: Princeton University, Department of Art and Archaeology
Trenton: New Jersey State Museum, Department of Conservation and Development

NEW MEXICO, Albuquerque: Heights Community Center
Santa Fe: Museum of New Mexico

NEW YORK, Albany: Albany Institute of History and Art
Alfred: New York State College of Ceramics, Alfred University
Auburn: Cayuga Museum of History and Art
Aurora: Wells College, Museum of Art
Binghamton: The Binghamton Society of Fine Arts, Binghamton Museum of Fine Arts
Buffalo: **Buffalo Fine Arts Academy, Albright Art Gallery**
Canton: St. Lawrence University, St. Lawrence School
Cortland: The Cortland Free Library, Art Gallery
Elmira: Arnot Art Gallery
Fredonia: Art Club of Fredonia Normal School
Geneva: Hobart and William Smith College, Art Department
Hamilton: Colgate University Library
Ithaca: Cornell University, Department of Architecture
Le Roy: History of Art Club
New Rochelle: College of New Rochelle, Department of Art; New Rochelle Art Association
New York City: American British Art Center, Inc.; Brooklyn Museum; Educational Alliance, Art School; The Frick Collection; **The Metropolitan Museum of Art**; Museum of Modern Art; The National Arts Club; New York School of Applied Design for Women; Parsons School of Design; Pratt Institute, School of Fine Arts; Riverside Museum; **School Art League**; Societe des Architectes Diplomes par le Gouvernement Francais; Whitney Museum of American Art
Ogdensburg: Remington Art Memorial
Oswego: State Teachers College, Library
Poughkeepsie: **Vassar College, Department of Art**
Rochester: Memorial Art Gallery; Rochester Institute of Technology; Rochester Museum of Arts and Sciences; Rochester Public Library
St. George, Staten Island: Staten Island Institute of Arts and Sciences
Saratoga Springs: Skidmore College, Department of Art
Scarsdale: Edgemont School

NEW YORK—Continued

Syracuse: Syracuse Museum of Fine Arts; Syracuse University, College of Fine Arts
Troy: Russell Sage College, Fine Arts Department; Troy Public Library

Utica: Munson-Williams-Proctor Institute; Public Library
Yonkers: The Hudson River Museum at Yonkers

NORTH CAROLINA, North Carolina State Art Society
Black Mountain: Black Mountain College, Art Department
Charlotte: The Mint Museum of Art; Woman's Club, Art Department

Durham: Art Association of Duke University
Greenville: Community Art Center

NORTH DAKOTA, Williston: Williston Chapter, The American Federation of Arts

OHIO, Akron: Akron Art Institute
Athens: Ohio University, School of Painting and Allied Arts
Canton: The Canton Art Institute
Cincinnati: Cincinnati Museum Association, Cincinnati Art Museum; University of Cincinnati, School of Applied Arts; Taft Museum

Cleveland: **Cleveland Art Association; Cleveland Museum of Art**; Cleveland School of Art; John Huntington Polytechnic Institute

Columbus: Columbus Gallery of Fine Arts; Ohio State University, Art Department

Coshocton: **Johnson Humrickhouse Memorial Museum**
Dayton: **Dayton Art Institute**; The Officer's Club, Wright Field; Mt. St. John Normal School; **University of Dayton, Albert Emanuel Library**

Delaware: Ohio Wesleyan University, Department of Fine Arts

Granville: Denison University, Department of Art
Marion: Marion Art Club

Massillon: **The Massillon Museum**
Oberlin: Oberlin College, Dudley Peter Allen Memorial Art Museum

Oxford: Miami University, School of Fine Arts; Western College

Toledo: Toledo Museum of Art
Wilberforce: Wilberforce University, Art Department

Wooster: Wooster College, Art Department

Youngstown: **The Butler Art Institute**
Zanesville: Art Institute of Zanesville

OKLAHOMA, Beaver: Beaver Chapter of The A.F.A.

Norman: The University of Oklahoma
Oklahoma City: Oklahoma Art League
Tulsa: Philbrook Art Center

OREGON, Eugene: University of Oregon, School of Architecture and Allied Art

Portland: Portland Art Association, Museum of Art

PENNSYLVANIA, Bethlehem: Lehigh University, Art Gallery

Easton: Easton School Museum; Lafayette College Library

Elkins Park: Cheltenham High School, Art Department

Erie: The Art Club of Erie

Grove City: Grove City Arts and Crafts Society

Harrisburg: Art Association of Harrisburg; The Harrisburg Art Studio

Indiana: State Teachers College, Art Department

Johnstown: Allied Artists of Johnstown

Kutztown: State Teachers College, Department of Art Education

Neffville: Manheim Township High School

New Wilmington: Westminster College, Art Department

Philadelphia: City Parks Association of Philadelphia; Fairmount Park Art Association; Fellowship of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts; La France Art Institute; **Moore Institute of Art, Science and Industry; Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts**; Philadelphia Art Alliance; Philadelphia Museum of Art; Philadelphia Water Color Club; University of Pennsylvania, School of Fine Arts; The Print Club.

Pittsburgh: Carnegie Institute, Department of Fine Arts; Carnegie Institute of Technology, College of Fine Arts; University of Pittsburgh, Department of Fine Arts

Reading: Art Haven Guild of Berks County; The Reading Public Museum and Art Gallery

Scranton: Everhart Museum of Natural History, Science and Art

State College: The Pennsylvania State College, Department of Architecture

Swarthmore: Benjamin West Society, Swarthmore College

RHODE ISLAND, Kingston: Rhode Island State College

Newport: Art Association of Newport; St. George's School

RHODE ISLAND—Continued

Providence: Providence Art Club; Rhode Island School of Design; The Providence Plantations Club
Westerly: Memorial and Library Association

SOUTH CAROLINA, Carolina Art Association, Greenville
Memorial Art Gallery
Columbia: Columbia Art Association; University of South Carolina, Art Department
Spartanburg: Spartanburg Art Club

TENNESSEE, Chattanooga: Art Study Club of Chattanooga; Chattanooga Art Association

Clarksville: The Art Study Class of Clarksville

Knoxville: Knoxville Art Center; Knoxville High School Art Department; University of Tennessee, Department of Art

Related Art of the School of Home Economics

Maryville: Maryville College

Memphis: Brooks Memorial Art Gallery; Memphis Art Association

Nashville: Art Club of Ward Belmont School; Centennial Club, Art Department; Nashville Museum of Art

Sewanee: University of the South, The Art Gallery

TEXAS, Arlington: North Texas Agricultural College, Department of Art

Austin: **University of Texas, Department of Art, College of Fine Arts**

Belton: Mary Hardin Baylor College, Art Department

Dallas: Dallas Art Association, Dallas Museum of Fine Arts

Denton: Texas State College for Women, Department of Fine and Applied Art of College of Industrial Arts

Edinburg: Edinburg Junior College

El Paso: College of Mines, Art Department

Fort Worth: Fort Worth Art Association; Texas Christian University, The Brushes Art Club

Galveston: Galveston Art League

Houston: Museum of Fine Arts

Lubbock: Texas Technological College, Department of Architecture and Allied Arts

McKinney: The Art Club of McKinney

Port Arthur: Port Arthur Art Association

San Antonio: San Antonio Art League, Witte Memorial Museum

Waco: Waco Art League

Wichita Falls: Hardin Junior College, Art Department

UTAH, Cedar City: Fine Arts Guild of Cedar City

Salt Lake City: Utah State Institute of Fine Arts

VERMONT, Burlington: Fleming Museum Art Association
Robert Hull Fleming Museum

Putney: The Putney School

VIRGINIA, Charlotte Court House: Charlotte County Public Library

Hampden: Hampton Institute

Hollins: Hollins College, Department of Art

Lynchburg: Lynchburg College, The Library

McLean: Franklin Sherman School

Newport News: The Mariners' Museum; Newport News Public Library, Inc.

Norfolk: Norfolk Society of Arts, The Norfolk Museum of Arts and Sciences

Richmond: The Academy of Sciences and Fine Arts; Valentine Museum; Virginia Museum of Fine Arts

Staunton: Mary Baldwin College

Sweet Briar: Sweet Briar College, Art Department

University: University of Virginia, Museum of Fine Arts

Williamsburg: College of William and Mary, Department of Fine Arts

WASHINGTON, Bellingham: Western Washington College of Education, Studio Gallery

Seattle: University of Washington, Henry Gallery; **Seattle Art Museum**

WEST VIRGINIA, Charleston: Kanawha County Public Library

Huntington: Marshall College, Department of Art

Parkersburg: The Junior League of Parkersburg

West Liberty: West Liberty State Teachers College

Wheeling: Mansion Museum, Oglebay Institute

WISCONSIN, Appleton: Lawrence College

Beloit: **Beloit College, Fine Arts Department**

Green Bay: Neville Public Museum

Madison: Wisconsin Union, University of Wisconsin

Milwaukee: Layton Art Gallery; Milwaukee Art Institute; Milwaukee-Downer College; Milwaukee State Teachers College, Art Students League

Racine: Charles A. Wustum Museum of Fine Arts

WYOMING, Casper: Casper Fine Arts Club

FINE PRINTS

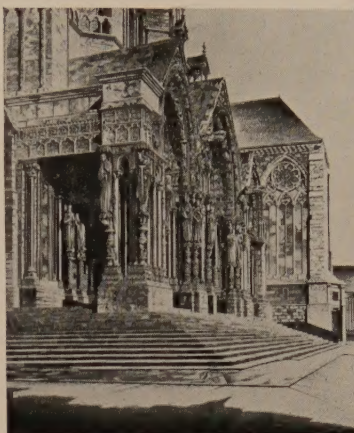
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Etching
John Taylor Arms



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1480-1500
Schreiber 886b
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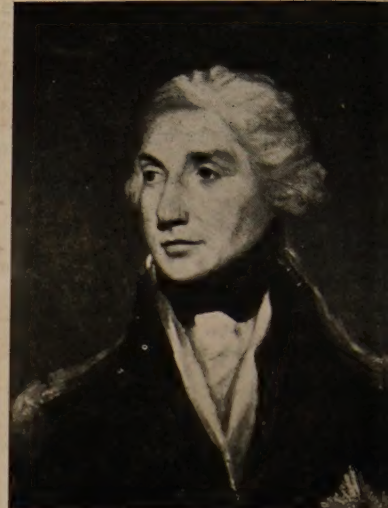
Interesting Pictures of Various Periods



Bishop Fox (1466-1528)—Johannes Corvus
Bishop of Winchester, Lord Privy Seal,
Baptized Henry VIII, and was Executor of
the will of Henry VII; Founder of Corpus
Christi College, Cambridge.



"The Prince of Peace"
Van Dyck
From the Collection of Sir Richard Abdy



Lord Nelson
F. L. Abbott
(1760-1803)



Young Girl
Nathaniel Dance



Rest on the Flight to Egypt
Murillo



**Three Studies of Mrs. Siddons as the
Tragic Muse**—George Romney



The Stray'd Treasure Returned
W. R. Bigg
Engraved by T. Hillyer, 1798



Portrait of a Lady—Rubens
From the Collection of Viscount
Ridley of Blagdon



Water Color—Winslow Homer
Given to a close friend as a souvenir of a Summer spent
together in the Adirondacks.

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